In this Number—**TEAM PLAY IN FOOT-BALL**—By Walter Camp.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXV.—No. 1819.

Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

AT THE STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, FAIRMOUNT PARK DRIVE, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.—[See Page 842.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE—NOVEMBER

This number opens with a humorous Thanksgiving story by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, entitled "*The Inn of the Good Woman*," charmingly illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY.

JULIAN RALPH'S romantic paper, "*Dan Dunn's Outfit*," describes the difficulties attending pioneer railroad construction in British Columbia. The writer is ably supported by Mr. REMINGTON'S graphic illustrations.

Mr. BESANT'S article on London is an entertaining description of that city "*In the Times of Good Queen Bess*."

Mrs. RUTH MCENERY STUART'S short story, "*The Widder Johnsing*," is very humorous. Mr. DU MAURIER'S fascinating novel, "*Peter Ibbetson*," is concluded.

Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON concludes her description of "*Cairo in 1890*," introducing some novel features, and showing a keen and careful observation. The article is handsomely illustrated.

Dr. HENRY M. FIELD contributes an interesting article containing much new information about "*Stonewall Jackson*." The article is copiously illustrated.

The third instalment of "*Charles Dickens's Letters to Wilkie Collins*" concludes this record of the familiar intercourse between the two distinguished authors.

The intricate problems which meet the European Powers in Africa are clearly stated in a very instructive article by Mr. ARTHUR SILVA WHITE, F.R.S.A., entitled "*Africa and the European Powers*."

This number contains an important paper on "*The Treatment of Cancers and other Tumors*," by B. FARQUHAR CURTIS, M.D., and WILLIAM T. BULL, M.D.

AMÉLIE RIVES contributes a short poem, "*Call not Pain's Teaching Punishment*," and WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS writes some exquisite verses under the title of "*November—Impressions*."

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $4 00.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE recent exposure in detail of the Tammany "colonization" frauds by the *Herald* was not surprising, because its frauds are familiar. But the exposure was timely, as showing the methods by which Tammany means to carry the election. There is no doubt that it understands the situation. It knows that defeat now would be a serious blow, and it will spare no effort to succeed. As we have already said, it is not surprising that those who have always voted the Democratic ticket, and who intend always to vote it upon the ground that a voter must join one of the great parties, and that Democratic success is always better than Republican success, should be satisfied to support the regular nominations. It is enough for such voters that the party label is correct. But other voters who do not acknowledge that rule of action, yet who still propose to support Tammany, are necessarily compelled to belittle its power and purpose in order to defend their course. That endeavor necessarily pleases every enemy of honest government, but in the face of familiar facts it is a difficult task. It is not accomplished by saying that we must not be squeamish about disagreeable and even dishonest people who vote with us. That is often true. As Mr. MORLEY well says, practical politics generally offer an alternative of the second best. But when the purpose of the disagreeable and dishonest people who vote with us is solely to obtain control of the power of a party for their own advantage, wise men will not help them. Mr. FRANCIS M. SCOTT accepts a local nomination against that of Tammany on the ground that no Democrat ought to allow such an organization to decide who is to be considered a Democrat in the city. But Tammany has already induced the State Democratic Convention to decide that point in its favor; and now, as in the time of TWEED, Tammany aims at ascendency in the State councils of its party and in the State Legislature in order to maintain its power in the city. It therefore asks the people of the State to ratify its action at the Convention, and Mr. SCOTT practically advises that the exclusion of his friends from the party councils be ratified.

To allege that Tammany is merely a local club is to forget its history. It was a local club in the same sense under TWEED. Tammany Hall controls an enormous vote in the city of New York, and it is largely the vote of those who are least fitted for the suffrage. The power which controls that vote is perfectly well known in this community. It cannot be said too often that this power and its votes and its patronage compose the most complete and effective and unscrupulous party machine in the country. The testimony of the reporters of the *Herald* to facts which are not denied or deniable furnishes a single illustration of one form of the frauds by which it proposes to carry the State in the city, and thus to dominate its party in the State, and by control of the State of New York to influence the national party action. It is the way in which the TWEED ring became a national peril, the better part of the party insisting with a shrug that politics were pretty dirty business, that men are not angels, and that if TWEED hadn't wings, neither had HANK SMITH. A vote for Mr. FLOWER is a vote for this machine, and for the sophistry which belittles it. The Democratic argument with the independents in this State this year is precisely the Republican argument with them in 1884. It was then said that whatever might be thought of the candidate, the Republican party was greater than any man, and its ascendency was of paramount importance, because essential to the national welfare, and therefore that everybody who did not think the Democratic party more trustworthy ought to support the Republican candidate. The independent answer was that no probable result of Democratic ascendency could be so deplorable as deliberate national approval of such conduct as independent voters condemned. The Democratic plea for independent support of Mr. FLOWER constantly reiterated is that his defeat would be claimed as a victory for protection. The logical independent reply to this plea is that his election would be the triumph of Tammany Hall, and of the corrupt politics against which independent action was originally and is now primarily directed. If, however, it be seriously asserted in reply that there is an organized power behind Mr. FASSETT which is as formidable and dangerous an engine of corruption as Tammany Hall, or that his election is on such grounds to be deplored quite as much as Mr. FLOWER'S, there can be no further argument with those who believe it.

Those who hold that tariff reform is the only question to be considered need not urge that State elections affect the national election in some degree, because that is not denied. Undoubtedly the election of Mr. FASSETT would be hailed as a triumph of protection, as the election of Governor PATTISON in Pennsylvania last year was claimed as swelling the victory of tariff revision. But nobody doubts that Pennsylvania is still a protection State. What we have said upon this point we repeat, that so far as the independent vote should contribute to the election of Mr. FASSETT, his election would not be the verdict of New York against tariff revision. But to say that tariff reformers ought to vote for Mr. FLOWER because his election would win the votes of the waiters on Providence who have no convictions, but who, in the event of his election, would regard tariff revision as the successful side next year and support it, is a childish argument for those who desire both honest revision of the tariff and honest government in general. Independent voters, we presume, are generally tariff reformers. But they are not independents for that reason. It might make them Democrats, but not independents. Indeed, the great body of tariff reformers are very far from independent. They are generally the strongest of Democratic partisans. The opposition of independents to protection is not more economical than moral; that is to say, they are tariff reformers not only because they hold a revenue tariff to be more economically equitable but because protection is necessarily a cancer of political corruption. Now they do not think that the triumph of Tammany in New York would be a blow at political corruption, but, on the contrary, that Tammany is itself the corruption with which they have now to deal. As was said in the municipal campaign last year, the necessary tendency of Tammany, which has no principles and is a mere conspiracy for plunder, is toward its condition under TWEED. The question then was not of party policy, but of honest government. To strengthen Tammany, it was argued last year, is to strengthen a peril to government itself. The argument is no less true this year. The immediate question is not national tariff reform, but the welfare of the State of New York, and how that can be best promoted. Certainly it cannot be done by strengthening what is at once the most corrupt and the most powerful of political organizations. It seems to us that no intelligent man can think that the triumph of Tammany in the election of the Democratic ticket would promote specific reform or honest government in general. A vote for Mr. FASSETT under the circumstances of this campaign tends to the defeat of the most corrupt of political organizations, and to securing the most important of local political reforms. Next year we have no doubt that independent voters throughout the country will do as they are doing very generally in New York this year—they will consider carefully how, under all the circumstances, they can best aid honest government, and they will vote accordingly.

A GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE greatest practical advance in civil service reform under this administration, and one of the most important steps of reform yet taken in the country, is the introduction of the reformed system into the navy-yards by Secretary TRACY. This was the result of careful and prolonged observation and study, partly stimulated probably by the earnest representations made to the Secretary by friends of reform. General TRACY undoubtedly had been disposed to regard the question as rather remote from actual party administration, but, as in the case of Secretary WINDOM and other eminent public officers, practical dealing with the management of a great department and thorough acquaintance with traditional and accepted methods gave him fuller knowledge, and led to decided conclusions. The Secretary's speech in Boston last spring showed his comprehension of the situation, and his resolution to deal with it thoroughly. The speech and the Secretary's subsequent action were events of the highest value in the history of good administration, and it is significant of the political situation that at a late Republican meeting in Boston one of the strongest appeals for popular support of the party was based upon the Secretary's action.

The facts were stated very clearly and in detail by Assistant Secretary SOLEY. Part of the work of construction and all of the repair work are done in the navy-yards, and it is, of course, the labor of the most skilled mechanics. For a long time this labor has been mere partisan patronage, and the navy-yards had become largely adjuncts of the political party machines. This was the practice which Secretary TRACY inherited, as his predecessor had inherited it, and Secretary TRACY has instituted a radical and thorough reform, so far as the appointments are concerned. All the places of foremen, by whom appointments had been largely made, were declared vacant, and a board of naval officers of the highest character and competency, and as impartial as any men can be, was appointed. The utmost publicity was given to the competition for the places. The examination was thoroughly practical, and the board was directed in every case to submit the name of the man who was found best fitted. This was true competition, and in every case the name recommended by the board was adopted, and the man reported as best fitted was appointed. The best foremen being thus selected, the Boston system of selection of unskilled laborers, with such modifications as were necessary, was adopted. They are registered under the supervision of a permanent board of experts, who are commissioned officers, and appointed in the order of registry, the equitable conditions prescribed being satisfied.

This is all a great gain for honest politics and efficient administration. The Secretary has divorced absolutely from personal or political favoritism, and opened to every honest and qualified American citizen, under equal regulations, some six or eight thousand places in the navy-yards, and has thus regulated the important work done there upon strictly business principles. Mr. SOLEY well says that hereafter the officers of the yards cannot excuse bad or extravagant work by the poor hands which are politically forced upon them. There are no tricks or evasions in the system. It is the work of a Secretary who is sagacious as well as honest, and it distinguishes happily his administration of the department. It is his unchallenged praise that so far as depends upon him the promises of the Republican platform of 1888 have been fulfilled, and nobody can doubt that instead of injuring his party by abolishing the navy-yard patronage, Secretary TRACY has greatly aided it. It must be assumed also that the President approves what has been done in the navy-yards. One thing only remains. The system now is simply a regulation of the Secretary's. While he remains it is secure. But it should be made part of the whole reformed system under the law. This can be done by an Executive order, and the President could do no better service more easily than by issuing an order which would go far permanently to secure what has been so well done.

LET US HAVE BALLOT REFORM.

THE Chicago *Tribune* recently published a letter from Ohio speculating upon the result of the election. On the Democratic side there were few speakers and little money, but Governor CAMPBELL was most effective upon the stump; the defection in Hamilton County seemed not to be very threatening, and the feeling in the rural districts was such as to promise success. On the Republican side there were plenty of money and a host of speakers, with Mr. MCKINLEY at the head, still unwearied in the prosecution of his extraordinary personal campaign. Counting upon the State as essentially Re-

publican, the Republicans were confident of success. But when all the probabilities were considered, it was agreed that it was impossible to calculate the effect of the Australian ballot system upon the result.

That is the highest tribute to the value of the reformed ballot. Here is a system which secures real secrecy of the ballot, and therefore independence. It makes bribery practically useless. It prevents intimidation. Substantially it secures an honest vote, and makes the result at the polls the real expression of the popular will. This is the aim of ballot reform in New York. But although there is a ballot reform law here which secures some excellent results, the chief result which such a law contemplates is lost by means of the paster. This is a scheme which baffles the law at its vital point by authorizing ballots to be privately printed by anybody and taken into the booth, where they can be pasted over any of the ballots provided by the State. Until this device is abolished, the law will be largely ineffective for its chief purpose. It is therefore a suppression and perversion of the truth to allege that there is already a ballot law, and that it is absurd to insist that such a law is an issue at the election.

It is, on the contrary, a very distinct and vital issue. Governor HILL made the paster a condition of his signing the bill. The Tammany State Convention elaborately approved the paster and attacked the blanket ballot. The paster is one of the strongholds of the Tammany power. If Tammany carries the election it is as certain as anything in the future can be that the ballot law will not be amended. If Mr. FASSETT should be elected, with a Legislature in accord with his views, he and the Legislature are specifically pledged by the action of the Republican Convention to amend the law by a provision for the blanket ballot. It is quite as important for New York that Mr. FASSETT should be elected to secure so great a safeguard against corruption at the polls now, as that Mr. FLOWER should be elected to increase the probability of securing a revision of the tariff hereafter.

RUSSIAN DESIGNS.

WHILE we are peacefully contending at the polls for better government in this country, Mr. GEORGE WASHBURN, the President of the Roberts College in Constantinople, gives in the *Independent* a striking view of the serious politics of the East. Russia he holds to be a much more dangerous foe of European civilization than Turkey. It is Russian greed of territory that makes her the curse of Europe, and Europe itself an armed camp; and while enormous multitudes of the Russian people are starving, Russia is spending more than ever in preparations for war.

The diplomatic contest now proceeding in Europe is between the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, together with England, on one side, and Russia and France on the other. Both parties seek to secure the support of the Sultan, with his four hundred thousand soldiers. But thus far he has wisely held aloof, seeing that in a European war he would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. There is now a powerful Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and in the event of a war it would hasten to Constantinople to "defend the neutrality of the Sultan," and once in Constantinople under a friendly pretext, it would not relax its hold. Russia and France have made tempting offers of service to the Porte, but thus far the Sultan has declined with thanks.

The creation of the Balkan states, with millions of self-governing Christians, Mr. ROBERTS thinks, has happily solved the Eastern question thus far by securing the territory separated from the Ottoman Empire to the people who inhabit it. He thinks it a strain upon our republican sympathy with France to see that republic allying itself with a despotism like Russia, and its minister in Turkey the servant of the Russian ambassador. But the absorption of the Balkan states would not be tolerated by England, Austria, Germany, and Italy, because Russia at Constantinople and upon the Adriatic would dominate Europe. This is the secret of the English support of "the unspeakable Turk." It is the barrier of the Cossack invasion. This also is the ground of the recent alarm from the Russian passage of the Dardanelles. It looked as if the Sultan had yielded. But it was apparently a misapprehension, and the strife of diplomacy has not yet ended.

EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGNING.

IT is pleasant to see any part of a question so involved and difficult as that of the tariff handled with the ease of a master, and that pleasure always attends reading a speech by Mr. JOHN E. RUSSELL in Massachusetts. The particular aim of the protectionists is to show that a high tariff benefits the farmers. It is very delicate work to undertake to show this, and even eminent doctors come to grief. It has been essayed sometimes by Senator HOAR, of Massachusetts, who is an exceedingly accomplished man, but Mr. RUSSELL courteously unhorses him.

Mr. RUSSELL was Secretary of the Board of Agriculture in Massachusetts for six years, and by natural taste and aptitude and intelligence, and by careful study and experience, he is equipped for the discussion more fully, probably, than any other man in Massachusetts. Senator HOAR, in a recent speech, dealt with the agricultural statistics of 1865 and 1885, and deduced certain conclusions favorable to the Massachusetts farming interest. Mr. RUSSELL analyzes the figures carefully to show that while there is an increase in agricultural products, there is a decline in actual farming. The census of 1885 shows a heavy decline in the production of barley, beef, cheese, mutton, oats, pork, rye, tobacco, potatoes, and wool, but a large gain in butter and a small gain in hay.

The apparent increase, as shown by the census, has not prevented a decline in the value of farming lands. The owner of the richest of such lands cannot sell them or borrow upon them as favorably as twenty years ago. The statistics, fairly interpreted, "show that more than half of Mr. HOAR'S increase is from a change of rules in taking the census, and that manure, cut flowers, florists' stock, hothouse products, straw fodder, cider, vinegar, lumber, products of gardens, and other such matters, which were not included in the census of 1865, give more than half of Mr. HOAR'S vaunted increase." Boston and Worcester are now great agricultural towns, from cow-keeping and suburban gardens, but the farms of the Connecticut and Deerfield valleys have declined in value. The statistics of the census may be turned to sustain almost any theoretical view. But they are valuable only when treated by thorough knowledge. It is the fashion of the hour to decry such a speech as this of Mr. RUSSELL as a "calamity howl." But wise men do not wish to live in a fools' paradise, and knowledge of actual facts never harmed an American community.

PROFESSOR JOHN L. LINCOLN.

THE death of Professor LINCOLN, of Brown University, was anticipated, for he had been long an invalid, but it brings a pang to a very widely scattered circle of his old pupils, and to all who knew the generous, candid, high-hearted, and accomplished man. He was in the true sense a scholar, a lover of learning and of literature, not subdued by scholarship nor by the conditions of teaching into a pedant or a formalist, but whose vitality transformed his learning into character and life.

For nearly fifty years he had been the most familiar figure at Brown, his term of service, we believe, longer than that of any other teacher; and from the first to the last his influence and impression upon the students were most liberalizing and stimulating, so that every year a large body of young men passed from the college into every part of the country and into all active pursuits with hearts full of gratitude and affection for Professor LINCOLN. It is a great power which such a teacher exercises, and no man can have a nobler monument than such a fond recollection.

The freshness of his mind and heart was wholly unwasted by the routine of daily duty. His interest in the classics which he taught, especially Latin, which was his chair, kindled the minds of the young men who had thought them hard and dry. His sympathy and humor overflowed the hour, and many a man owes much of the purest literary delight of his life to Professor LINCOLN'S kindly persistence and intelligence. A happy literary allusion, an apt quotation, a flowing line, or a noble metaphor gave him a pleasure which was inspiring to those of similar taste, who instinctively found in his smile and approval their happy reward. Professor LINCOLN'S health was never robust, but his attendance at his post was interrupted only by two or three excursions to Europe, which he turned to the best account. Toward the end he was obliged reluctantly to relinquish his chair, and cheered by the tenderest affection, his life tranquilly ended. But by one life how much more than its own individual activity is quickened! And a life like Professor LINCOLN'S is inwrought in how many lives like a fine gold thread in an endless tapestry!

PER CONTRA.

WE have gladly mentioned elsewhere the signal advance in civil service reform which has been made by the Secretary of the Navy, and we have duly credited the President with approval of the Secretary's course. But the President's silence while party committees are attempting practically to blackmail the government clerks is a flagrant neglect of duty. Commissioner ROOSEVELT has spoken of the robbery as it deserves, and he has stated confidently that no employé need feel obliged to give from fear of losing his place.

If Mr. ROOSEVELT had thought that he could persuade the President to say so, we have no doubt that he would have tried. The mischief is done by the President's not saying so, as President HAYES did, and although the statement which we cited last week of the ill success of the Ohio marauding expedition in the departments shows that the terror is much abated, the President would have greatly strengthened himself and his party in public confidence and respect had he plainly declared that no employé need feel compelled to give.

The *Civil Service Record*, which, as its name imports, is an admirable registry of the situation and progress of the reform, and which is edited in no spirit of hostility to the Republican party, says in its recent issue, alluding to the neglect to press the cases of last year against the Old Dominion Club for this offence, and the refusal to protect the public employés this year against the freebooters:

"It seems now high time to declare our belief plainly that President HARRISON'S administration is in favor of getting money from the government clerks. These clerks, be it remembered, are paid by the whole people, while the money is for one party alone among the people, and it is to be used in making that party gain a triumph at the polls which it would be 'more or less difficult' to gain 'unless we receive financial help,' to quote from one of the circulars. Now the American people do not believe in the use of money to change the results of elections, and they have more than once emphatically condemned the practice of assessing government clerks. We believe these circulars issued to the departments are boomerangs, which will fall back on the party that has used them."

THE NEW LEADER OF THE COMMONS.

THE new leader of the House of Commons, Mr. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, the Irish Secretary, has risen to great political distinction very rapidly. He is a nephew of Lord SALISBURY, the Prime Minister, but when he was appointed Irish Secretary his name was not generally familiar. In this country it was quite unknown. He was called to the most difficult post in the British government, but his uncle seems to have known him well, for he has impressed the country with his ability. He is a thorough Tory, cool, reticent, self-possessed, plucky, full of facts, ready in debate, complete master of himself and the situation.

His management of Ireland seems to have produced, if not peace, yet calm, and the latest accounts seem to show that the plan of campaign is yielding to BALFOUR'S steady and strong pressure. It has been supposed that as leader of the House he could not retain the Irish Secretaryship. But this may not be impracticable for him, although hopeless for many men. With all his gifts, Mr. BALFOUR seems not to have what is called geniality or magnetism. Certainly he shows none of the arts of the demagogue, while as an orator he has an incisive humor and forcible directness.

Mr. BALFOUR must be regarded as one of the chief political figures in England at a time when the greatest figure cannot very long remain. Although of the party which can hope to govern only in an emergency when the Liberal leaders startle the country by their boldness, he has so much of the traditional qualities which Englishmen admire that he may of himself prolong confidence in Tory ascendency. The Tory political function is to moderate the Liberal pace, for undoubtedly the Liberal party is that of progressive England.

PERSONAL.

THE Liberal party of Hungary is making elaborate arrangements to celebrate next year the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of LOUIS KOSSUTH. It proposes to purchase for him the estate of Dabas, where his father and mother are buried, and to in other ways make happy the declining years of the great leader.

—EUGENE WINCHET, of Dayton, Ohio, lets all working-girls ride for half price on his street railway, which runs through the suburbs of the city.

—LOUIS PRANG, the famous chromo-lithographer, was, when a young man, a calico-printer in Prussia. He fled to this country to escape arrest for participating in a revolution, and for many years, before he struck the lucky vein that brought him fame and fortune, led a hand-to-mouth existence.

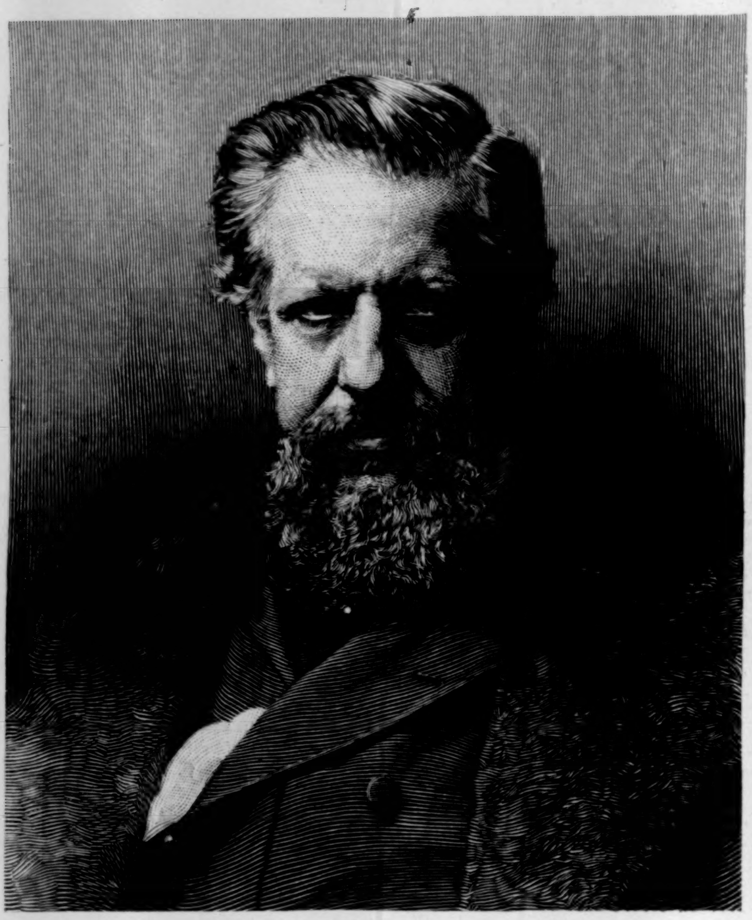
—The late RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, of Washington, was clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia from its organization in 1863. It is said that the original "RETURN" JONATHAN of the family, a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary war, received his peculiar name in an equally peculiar way. His father had been repeatedly rejected by a Quakeress, but as he was riding away dejectedly the last time she relented, and exclaimed: "Return, JONATHAN! Return, JONATHAN!" JONATHAN returned, and was foolish enough, when his first son was born, to handicap him with the name that the family has persisted in preserving.

—Dr. EDWARD BEDLOE, United States Consul at Amoy, China, who has been an active promoter of the interests of the World's Fair, writes to Chief HANDY that in all English-speaking circles in China there is a great and growing interest in the Chicago Exposition. In addition to other work, he has secured promises from eight friends to send on their private collections of curios and bric-à-brac in 1893. Dr. BEDLOE is a Philadelphian, and was, while there, one of the brightest lights of the Clover Club.

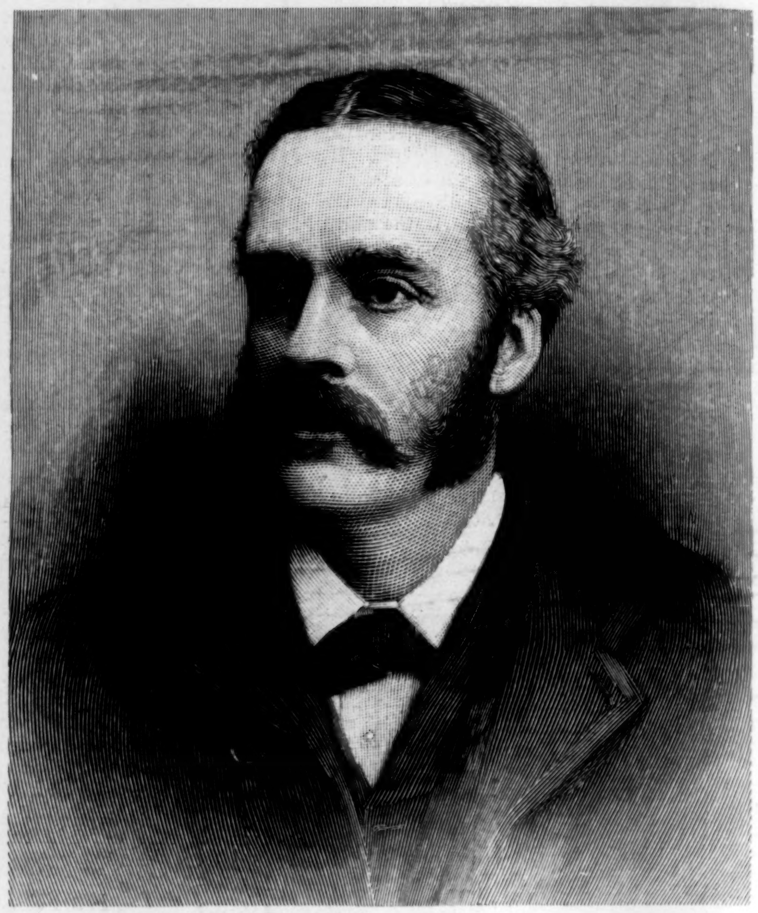
—Sir HENRY PARKES, who has just resigned, after having been Premier of New South Wales for eleven years, was born in Warwickshire, England, seventy-six years ago, and was so poor that he received but little education. When twelve years old he began learning the trade of wood and ivory turning, and when he reached manhood he went to New South Wales as a farm laborer. Returning to his trade later on, he also took an interest in politics, formed the acquaintance of leading men, and started a newspaper. He was sent to Parliament over thirty times before he became Premier. On the several occasions when he visited England he was entertained by GLADSTONE, TENNYSON, CARLYLE, and JOHN BRIGHT. He wrote several volumes of poetry and did other literary work. Some of his poetry is very bad.

—Miss MARGUERITE MERINGTON, who wrote *Letterblair*, the comedy that had its *premier* last week with Mr. E. H. SOTHERN in the title rôle, is a teacher of Greek in the Normal School of New York. She is young, and in dress and appearance suggests Miss ELLEN TERRY when Miss TERRY was younger. This her first play was frankly and enthusiastically praised by all but one of the leading New York critics. In the same week in which Miss MERINGTON'S star rose, that of last year's young playwright, Mr. CLYDE FITCH, was dimmed by a reported failure of a new comedy in London and a hardly successful *premier* in Brooklyn.

—General ALEXANDER S. WEBB, President of the College of the City of New York, has recently received from the War Department at Washington a medal of honor, presented for gallantry at the battle of Gettysburg.



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

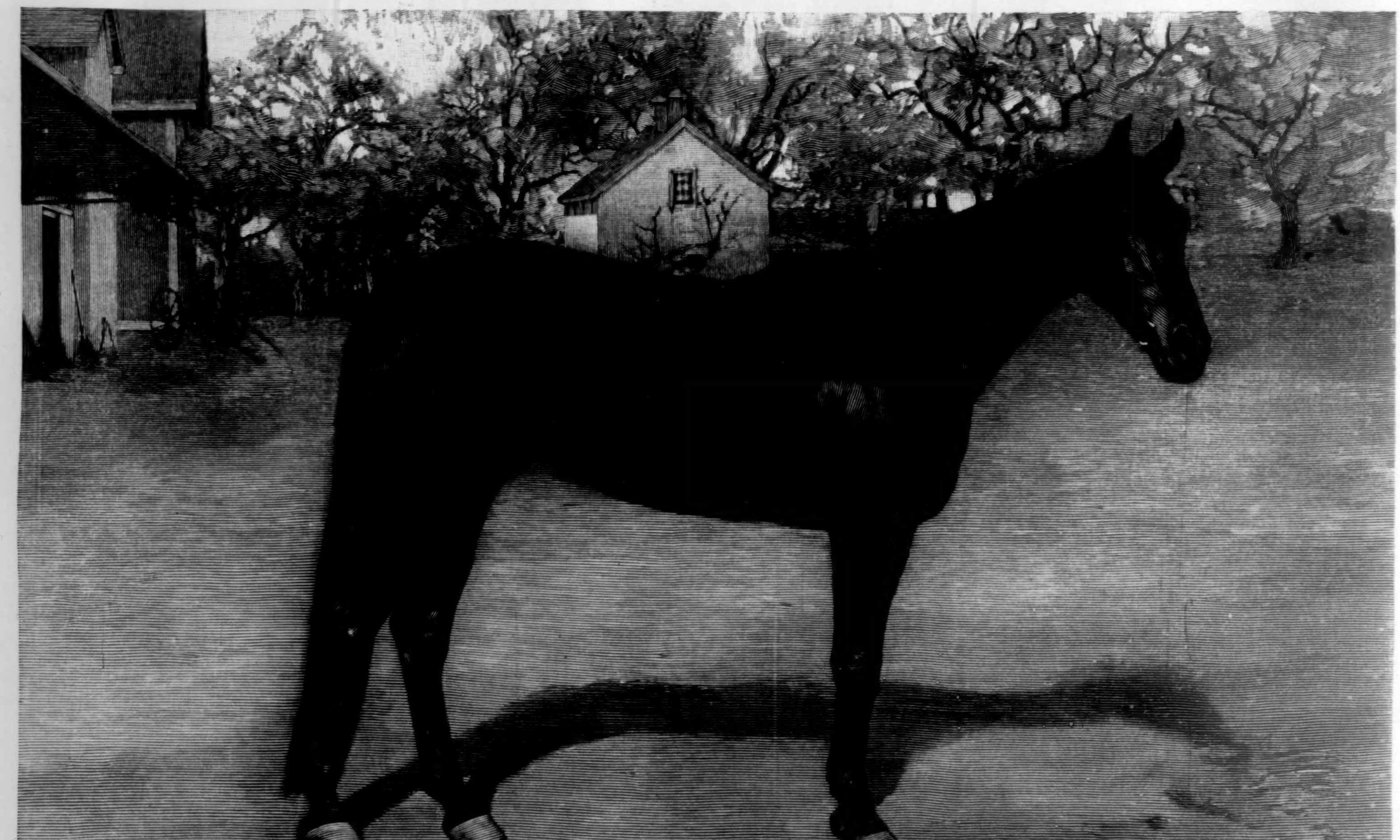


THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, First Lord of the Treasury.—[See Page 843.]

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

When the late Matthew Arnold came to this country, a little while before his death, he was often referred to as the author of "The Light of Asia," and as he did not like this, America was made to suffer in return. To the American public in general the writings of the elegant English poet and essayist were unknown, and the only Arnold they knew was the author of that great book on the founder of Buddhism. To-day people know better, but it was not so long ago that the above error was not uncommon. Sir Edwin Arnold appeals to the people of the New World by the wonderful force displayed in his writings and his grasp of Eastern lore. "The Light of Asia," which sets forth the tenets of the Buddhist faith, is the best known of all his works, although the book is but one of his Oriental Trilogy, the others being the "Indian Song of Songs," from the Sanscrit, an idyl of the Hindoo theology, and ' Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary," after the spirit of Mohammedan belief. He has covered these religions of the East with all the subtle imagery and mysticism that are common to them, and yet the subjects have been treated with such simplicity that they appeal to every one. His latest work, entitled "The Light of the World," being a story of the life of Christ, has not met with the favor that the former books received, for the Christian thought does not lend itself to the treatment that is in accord with the Oriental faiths. Sir Edwin Arnold has grasped the Eastern mode of thought, and rendered it perfectly; but theology of the East appeals wholly to the subtle sense of man, and lacks the broadness and humanity of Christianity. The life of the Orient has always appealed to the poet, for at the age of twenty he won the Newdigate prize at Oxford for the best English poem, the subject being "The Feast of Belshazzar."

It is strange to think of this sweet and gentle poet, of this scholarly, deep man, as a newspaper editor and a writer of editorials on the events of to-day. It does not, of course, follow that a poet and a scholar may not be an editor. For nearly thirty years Sir Edwin Arnold has been an editorial leader writer on the London *Daily Telegraph*, and it is said that during that time he has written about eight thousand columns of editorial opinions. At an early age he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. When the Earl of Derby was installed as Chancellor, in 1853, Edwin Arnold, then only twenty-one, delivered the address, and a year later he graduated from the university. He was made principal of the Government Sanscrit School at Bombay, and a great deal of his early life was spent in India. He has received the Imperial Order of the Medjida from the Sultan, and when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, was made a Companion of the Star of India.



SUNOL, THE QUEEN OF THE TROTTERS.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 842.]

BROTHER ALEC.

BY EDITH ELMER.

"COME, brother Alec; come ter yerself. I'm a-holdin' the bowl an' the soap fer ye. Come now, an' wash yer hands. I shed think ye was old enough ter wash yer own hands."

"Why—do—you—trouble me—woman?" mumbled a feeble, expressionless voice. "You—are—always—troubling me."

The woman gave a short cackling laugh. "Ye seem ter think yerself a sight better'n yer folks, now don't ye? Come, you old baby, you; ye've rubbed yer hands enough. Time ter dry 'em."

The young artist was wakened by the voices, and for some moments she could not remember where she was. Gradually it came back to her. She was taking the vacation she had been planning so long. She was in the spare room of a farm-house among the hills—such sketchable, billowy hills, warm with October coloring. Oh, she remembered it all now—the dusty journey from the city, the long drive across country in the twilight, the welcome supper of bread and milk and honey, and the more welcome bed, quickly sought. Now she could place the shrill voice that had wakened her. It belonged to Miss Sary, the farmer's meagre and elderly half-sister. But who was brother Alec? Whoever he was, he had her sympathy, and she felt her ire kindling hot against Miss Sary.

The young artist dressed quickly, and hurried out on the porch. She stood there, ecstatically breathing the fresh air into her lungs and the fresh scene into her soul. It was a radiant sort of day. The fields were bathed in mellow sunlight, the sky was infinitely blue, the morning mists were just rolling up from the hills. She exulted as one who regains his birthright long withheld; exulted over the sweet, fair country as only those can who, with the earth instinct firmly rooted in them, are doomed to live within a horizon bounded by brick walls and chimney-pots, and under a sky shrouded by factory smoke. She was so happy that she felt a pang of loneliness; she longed to share it all with some one who would revel in the color and the freshness as she did. If Clare, the faithful, the sympathetic, were only there!

At that moment the door opened on to the porch, and Miss Sary appeared, leading out an old, old man into the sunshine.

"Good-mornin', miss," she said, nodding to the young artist. "Fine day, ain't it? This here old man's my step-brother, Mr. Mason. Now, Alec"—she adopted that inane tone of voice which is sometimes used with young children—"you be good, an' watch the chickens, an' don't trouble the lady."

A cloud seemed to fall over the glowing landscape. A little minor note thrust its way into the young artist's musings. The old man, bent almost double and leaning on two canes, shuffled slowly across the porch and down the steps. He was so old, so feeble, so helpless, and his was such a loveless, joyless old age! He was out of place in this vigorous, force-abounding world. The life-teeming motherly earth had no niche for him; and the human kindred, who sometimes, with their *super*natural sensibility, make welcome a belated traveller after nature has denied him, had no place for him either. Especially hard did it seem to the beauty-nourished young artist, who had been taught to see the body as the visible soul, who had learned, after long, loving study, to watch the living spirit of man shine through nervous limbs, and the yearning heart of woman weave itself into the plastic curves of neck and torso. To her more than to most of us a worn-out body meant a worn-out soul. Irresistibly her mind flew back to the assembly of condemned ships in the navy-yard that they call "Rotten Row"; and she remembered how as a child she used to cry over those poor dismantled hulks, which had been proud cruisers and gallant fighters in their day, but were left now with shrouds and topmasts down, with keels buried in the mud, with barnacles clinging to their sides, and worms boring into their timbers, to crumble and decay as winds and waters and warping sun rays beat upon them, and no one cared.

"Yes," said Miss Sary, explanatorily, speaking in the painfully loud tone that is contracted by talking to a deaf person—"yes, thet's Alec Mason. He's ninety-three years old"—this with a sort of melancholy pride. "He ain't no kin ter the folks here. I'm their half-sister, an' he's my half-brother on the other side. He used ter be a great scholar in the city, did brother Alec. He was a fine gentleman in them days, an' never paid no heed ter his country relations. When he got poor an' old, though, he was glad enough ter come an' live with his half-sister an' her folks on the other side o' the house. Well"—in a tone of pious resignation—"I try ter ferget by-gones an' bear no malice, an' I hope I do my Christian duty by him."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the young artist, with more fervor than tact.

"Poor man indeed!" she repeated, scornfully. "It's his own fault ef he's poor; an' he'd orter be very thankful ter find a good home an' folks ter care fer him after he's done bein' any use ter anybody."

The young artist shivered—mentally, I mean. This hard prosaic woman grated painfully on her somewhat acute sensibilities. "It is the beauty and the graciousness that are left out of her," she reflected. "She is a good woman in her way. She is devoting her life to taking care of the half-brother who ignored her while he was prosperous, but—" and the disjunction was expressive of much.

Miss Sary returned into the house, and the young artist stretched her canvas, and began dashing in the hills before the sun should dissolve their mist mantles. Pretty soon the old man shuffled toward her.

"Do—you—know—me?" he mumbled.

"Oh yes," she said, cheerfully. "You are Mr. Mason."

"The—young people—all—know—me,—but—I—don't—know—them. I—think—I—am—getting—old."

The tears somehow came unbidden into her eyes, but she said, bravely, "Oh, we are all *getting* old, Mr. Mason."

Something like the faint, faint remnant of a smile passed over his face. "May I—inquire—your—name?" he asked.

"Hamilton," she said—"Mae Hamilton."

"Are—you—any relation—to—the illustrious—Alexander—Hamilton?"

"I am afraid not."

"I—am—sorry," he said. "I—am—a collateral descendant—of that—distinguished—statesman. I bear—his—name."

"I should think you would be very proud of it," she returned, warmly. "I'm sure I should be."

"I—used—to be—proud," he mumbled, "but I—am—getting—old."

Miss Sary appeared at the door. "You go 'long an' watch the chickens, you old troublesome. Didn't I tell ye not ter bother the lady?"

"Oh, don't; please, don't," pleaded the young artist. "I like to talk to him."

But he had turned away at the sound of his sister's voice, and was shuffling off.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the shadow of old age fell again across Mae Hamilton's path. She was washing in a sunset sketch of a rather subjective character. There was nothing either sad or forlorn about the sunset, but the artist's mood was projected into the sketch to a remarkable degree. It made one shiver to look at the band of cold yellow light between the dark hills and the dark

clouds, and there was despair in the wind-tossed branches of the dead tree that stood out black against the yellow sky. The young artist's mood was the cause of the picture, but the reappearance of brother Alec was the cause of the mood. He looked at her blankly as if he had never seen her before.

"What—are—you—doing—here?" he said. "*You*—don't—belong here."

"No," she answered; "I only came here for a few days, to paint your beautiful hills."

"Hills? Are—they—beautiful? I—cannot—see—them." His eyes got vaguer and vaguer. "Annette is much addicted—to beautiful—landscapes. I—hope—she is—enjoying—this—scenery. I—only—left town—to give—her—a little—jaunt." Then he turned on Mae Hamilton suddenly. "What—have—they done—with my—wife? I—want—to see—her."

"She is busy," she said, soothingly, catching at the first idea that occurred to her. "I think she is helping them get supper in the kitchen. She will be here pretty soon. I wouldn't disturb her now."

"Kitchen," he repeated. "What kitchen?" Again Miss Sary appeared at the door. "Woman," he said sternly to her, "where—is my wife—Mrs.—Mason?"

"Lord bless ye!" she cried, in spite of Mae's supplicating gesture, "Anne's been dead these fifty years!"

He looked at her in a dazed way and groaned as she led him in to supper.

As the days went by, brother Alec and the young artist grew to be warm friends, except during the intervals when he forgot who she was. The painful shock that his forlorn decrepitude had at first caused her was wearing away. The old man seemed to find genuine pleasure in talking to her, and his dim intelligence appeared to brighten a trifle under the influence of tact and courtesy. So long as she was sketching near the house, he would follow her about like a shadow. On one of these occasions he surprised her by showing signs, as she would probably have put it, of a rudimentary art instinct, or, at all events, of a certain lingering worldly-mindedness. His eyesight was dim, but it had detected the difference between her costume and that of the calico-gowned women on the farm. Not that the dark green serge she wore was remarkable for its elegance, but it was city-made and trimmed with a deep braided pattern, and these things evidently impressed the old man. He stood silently watching her for a long time. Then he put out his hand, like a child, and patted her sleeve.

"That—is—a very beautiful—fabric—you wear. The texture—is—very—fine. And such richness—of ornamentation! I do not—remember—to have—ever—seen—such—richness of ornamentation." There was a pause. She could not think of anything appropriate to say, but fortunately he went on. "They—say—it puffs—up—the soul—to wear—elaborate clothing. *I* don't—consider—it—wrong. I—dare—say—you are—no—prouder—than—if you—were—dressed—in—calico?"

"I'm very sure I'm not, Mr. Mason," she answered, with great sincerity.

"There—I thought—so," he said, and almost chuckled in his triumph. "I—thought—so."

A long-dormant side of the old man seemed to be waking. One morning she noticed him for some time fumbling around in the grass by the road-side, and by-and-by he came up with a poor little bunch of asters and golden-rod. He handed them to her with an unmistakable remnant of courtliness and said, nodding his head between each word, "'Sweets—to—the—sweet.'"

Miss Sary laughed till she had to hold her sides. "Brother Alec's gittin' young agin," she cried. "Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! ef he ain't payin' court ter the young lady!"

Another time, when the young artist had grown tired of painting, and was sitting on the door-step with a volume of Pater, he came up and stretched out his hand for it eagerly, taking both canes in the other hand.

"It—is—a good—book—a—good—book—well printed—well—bound. I judge it—to be—an—English—book."

He handled it lovingly. Then he began spelling out the title. She thought to help him along by saying,

"'Marius the Epicure'an.'"

"'Marius—the—Epicur'ean,'" he corrected, sternly; and Mae remembered having heard it was the preferred pronunciation.

The book in his hands seemed to rouse slumbering memories. When he spoke again, it was with an accent of calm superiority.

"The—people—here—are—good people—but crude—very—crude. I—miss—my books. I—am—only here—for a day—or two. I shall—be—glad—to get back—to—the city. Is—that—my—sister—Sarah?"

"Well, don't ye know me yet, ye old stoopid!"

He took no notice of the remark. "Sarah—I—am—going—back to the—city—to-morrow. I—have—staid—here—much—longer—than I intended—to. I—don't—know—why—you have—detained me—so long. I—want—my books."

"Go back to the city? I guess ye won't leave here tell ye go see the graveyard. 'Twon't be a great while, brother. There's a good home fer ye tell ye die, an' then I hope the Lord 'll give ye a better one in heaven."

Mae ground her teeth together in helpless rage. Why had the good Lord created such an obtuse unsensitive being as Miss Sary?

Just then the farmer drove up from the village, bringing the young artist a letter that caused her to forgive even the offensive Miss Sary, and include her and all the world in a benign gush of affection. The letter was from the secretary of the art school, and informed her that the X—— scholarship had been awarded her, and that she would be sent to Munich for a year's study. She had not in the least expected it. She had not allowed herself even to dream of the possibility of it. It was the first public recognition of her work. It made up, as she wrote to Clare, for many a dull, dismal, earth-tied day, for many discouragements and many failures. She was buoyantly, exuberantly happy. She sang little snatches of song for very joy. Every now and then she found her feet dancing in spite of her. Books, brushes, and palette were thrown aside for the day. She could not work; but she felt a delicious thrill of triumph and power potential surging and tingling in her veins. She went off by herself, and tried to plan what she would do. Clare and Clare's mother must go with her to Munich. There was no reason why they should not. They had nothing to keep them on this side. How often they three had planned to go abroad together! They would take a little apartment in Munich all to themselves, and live—truly live—for a whole blessed year! After that what mattered it? Something would turn up. But it was no use trying to think coherently. Every idea in her head had an exclamation mark after it. She tried all sorts of things to quiet down her seething animal spirits. She ran down to the sedgy pond at the foot of the hill, and got into the flat-bottomed boat that she had been using as a restorative when she was tired and her nerves got to tingling. She had great faith in rowing. The regular clockwork movement and the strong tug at the muscles almost always brought her back to serenity. But this time it failed. Water and earth and sky exulted with her instead of calming her. The sunlight danced on the tiny wavelets as if it were mad with joy, and the crazy rollicking wind blew here and there and round and round, and cut the wildest capers with the red leaves from the maples, and came and went, and rushed up to her every now and then, slapping her in the face for very jollity, and then jumping back to hide like the urchins on April-fool day. Then she pulled the boat up on the shore and went to walk.

But the white clouds soared fast overhead so triumphantly that she could have shouted with them out of pure sympathy. And the grand old trees seemed to spring up from the earth of their own accord, and stretch their arms toward the living blue of the sky, and hold their heads erect in pride and conscious strength. And the robin-redbreasts swelled out their tawny throats and trilled out their joy in spite of falling mercury and autumn winds.

"Oh, my Clare," she cried, in the tumultuous letter she wrote that night, "this is a brave new world, and it is good to live in it!"

She looked at the world through rosy glasses, and the consequent rosiness of the world made her still happier, and the glasses still rosier, and the world— And so it might have gone on indefinitely if nothing had happened; but under such circumstances something usually does happen. Nearly a week after the glowing letter just alluded to, Clare received another—a painful contrast in tone and contents.

"Best of Clares," she wrote, "who do you suppose is manager-in-chief of the world stage? And why does he run it with such diabolical irony? And yet I could forgive the irony if only his taste were good; but the crude, glaring contrasts he plans and delights in are like the clap-trap of a third-rate theatre. I would never murmur at having my whole life painted in dun color if only it were harmoniously painted, though of course I should prefer the color range of the Italian masters; but to jump from highest light to intensest dark without a quiver of transition is outrageous and barbaric.

"All this not because I feel like philosophizing, but to make it easier for me to begin. I have tried every day to write to you, but I could not. I am all broken up and unstrung, and I really don't wonder that I am. But now I am coming home myself, and I have got to tell you before I get there, for I know I shall not be able to talk about it.

"Of course I know he is better off, and the doctor says he did not suffer much, and certainly his family are resigned—but, Clare, it was so horrible!

"It was the day after the notice of my scholarship came—only the day after. Generally they go to the village only every other day, but I told them I *had* to mail some letters that morning, and they were very sympathetic, and gave me the wagon and the colt and several errands as well. As I started out, Mr. Mason was on the porch, and on some sudden impulse I asked him if he wouldn't like to go. A look of life such as I had not seen before swept over his face. They lifted him into the wagon, and we started.

"Why, Clare, he was positively gay, and as for me, not twenty men with the pathos of a loveless old age clinging to them could have damped my spirits. Mr. Mason gallantly declared he had not enjoyed a ride so much since he drove to the church to be married. He was a different man. He seemed to have left his shell of senile imbecility with his flowered dressing-gown at the farm-house. Clarechen, do you suppose the future really casts its shadow before, and that this was the beginning of the end? Is human life like the smouldering candle-wick that flashes up one very bright spark before it goes out for good?

"I had mailed my letters, and done the sundry little errands in the village—all but one. The farmer expected a box by freight, and had asked me to inquire for it. I hitched the horse by the station, for there was no post near the freight depot, and I was afraid to leave Mr. Mason in charge of the colt.

"I made my inquiries, and as I turned to leave the freight depot, I saw the morning express just rounding the curve only a few hundred yards north of the station. On the track was a little scrap of fluttering white, and not ten feet away was Mr. Mason (God knows how he had gotten out of the wagon!). There he was, without his canes, tottering toward that horrible track. 'For God's sake, save that man!' I cried to the freight agent, and I started for him on a full run. Two men were standing on the platform within a few feet of him, but they looked dazed and never stirred. Was he too blind to see the train, too deaf to hear it thundering toward him, or was it pure heroism that stirred the man? I do not know. I know the world swayed and swam, and in the sickening whirl of things that black cruel monster, with its one great gleaming eye, thundered toward us. Clare, shall I ever get rid of it? I dream of it all night, and when I wake up, I see it still. If I look at the sunny hills, it comes between me and them, and blots them out. And when I look at a human face (oh, it is horrible, *horrible!*), I seem to see the two eyes grow till they melt together, and become one great eye glowing like live coals, and the hair seems to fly upward in smoke, and the face grows black and hard as iron, and I see it rushing toward me always—always. Have I lost my mind, Clarechen? God knows! Do I frighten you, little one? I am half afraid of myself.

"Somehow I shook myself free from that whirling giddiness, and neither fainted nor screamed. I found myself holding on to Mr. Mason. But I had reached him a moment too late, or my strength was a grain too small, for I had not been able to pull him entirely off the track. Those cruel crushing wheels had passed over both his legs. They carried him into the waiting-room. There was an army surgeon on the train who did everything for him that there was to do. Of course it was only a question of a few minutes. The doctor says he did not suffer after the first instant of the shock. His hand closed convulsively over a torn and blood-stained sheet of paper; and oh, Clare, what do you suppose it was he had thrown himself in front of the train for? That wretched melancholy sunset sketch I made the day after I got here. It must have blown out of the sketch-book that lay on the seat beside him. Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, when I recognized that thing! Just once he opened his eyes and looked at me, and smiled such a happy smile, and whispered, 'See—Annette—I have—got—you—your—picture—' And he died just then, with the smile and the words on his lips.

"I don't know why I have staid here so long. I have suffered here terribly, but somehow I could not get away. I think chiefly because I could not shake myself together enough to write to you, and I *had* to have you know it all before I came. Thank Heaven! I have taken the first step now. I shall be with you almost as soon as my letter. Meet me Wednesday morning at 10.10.

"Give my best love to your mother, and forgive me for making you blue.

"Yours ever, MAE HAMILTON."

"I lost three fingers of my left hand in the accident; but as the thumb remains to hold my palette firm, it is only a loss of the ornamental. I'm not heroic enough to altogether despise the ornamental. But think, Clare, what would have become of me and my life if it had been my *right* hand?"

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

PERHAPS there is no one of the public parks of this country so little known or appreciated by the average American as Fairmount Park. One hears the beauties of Central Park or Lincoln and Washington parks praised everywhere; the Prater, Champs Élysées, Thiergarten, and Hyde Park are annually the Mecca of thousands on thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen, when right at their doors, so to speak, the Quaker City contains a vast pleasure resort infinitely superior in natural beauty, in extent and variety of landscape, to any or all of them. No one of them affords the beauties of the steamboat ride on the Schuylkill from the Navy boat-houses to the falls of Schuylkill beyond. As you pass under the Reading Railroad bridge at Rockland, the falls village rises up in front of you, nestling on the hill-side among the trees, the old church steeple standing out above the other buildings. On the right, as you ascend the river, Laurel Hill Cemetery, with its glistening monuments, meets the eye; to the south, Strawberry Mansion and the picturesque grounds about it; the woods, as they slope to the river bank, traversed by bridle-paths, where the great oaks and beeches bend their boughs over the heads of the equestrian so thickly and closely as to shut out the sunlight.

On the west bank of the river the Chamounix Plateau, with its beautiful drives affording an extended view over the East Park, the river winding its way through the park, with the white towers of the huge City Hall, the Masonic Temple, and Pennsylvania Railroad station at Broad and Market streets all plainly visible. Back of Chamounix, bridle-paths lead you to George's Hill, overlooking the Centennial grounds, with the Catholic Total Abstinence Fountain and the Columbus Monument at its feet. On the other side of Belmont Avenue lie the sunken beds and grounds about Horticultural Hall; these beds are at their best during the latter part of July and through August. It is doubtful if there is anything in Europe to equal them; the *coup-d'œil* from George's Hill, or even from the steps or balcony of the hall, dazzles the sight by its wealth of beautiful coloring. The hall contains, it is said, one of the finest, if not the very finest, collection of great ferns in the possession of any society in the world; many of them tower straight up, almost touching the iron girders of the building. Facing the other end stands the Monument to Religious Liberty, unveiled during the Centennial by the Hebrews of America; as you cross the bridge over Belmont Glen, you stand by the rail, and, looking down, take in the beauties of that favored spot.

Then, turning, another glorious view of the river, looking north, breaks in upon you. Opposite the other end of this bridge one meets the equestrian statue of General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, the only battle-field on Northern soil, and the Waterloo of the Confederacy. Leaving the Meade statue, you enter Memorial Hall, another lasting monument of the Centennial. During that period this structure was the Art Building, and now it is the property, or at least in the possession, of the Pennsylvania Museum of Arts, and contains a really interesting collection of ceramics and curios, besides the Bloomfield Moore collection of antiques. Opposite the main entrance is the John Welsh Memorial—a small raised plaza, circular in shape, a handsome fountain in the centre, and a tablet recounting the services of Mr. Welsh to the Park Commission, of which he was president. This memorial is a tribute on the part of a number of Philadelphians to the memory of one of their greatest and most honored citizens.

I have not mentioned the Wissahickon drive, as that is an offshoot of the park itself, and because there is no pen sketch in an article of this kind that can give even the faintest idea of the beauties of this charming spot. The Schuylkill Navy cuts no inconsiderable figure in the daily life of the park. The rows of boat-houses on the river bank at the foot of Lemon Hill, and just above the historic waterworks are undoubtedly the finest pleasure-boat houses in the world. Park rules compel them to be built of stone, and many of them have quite some pretensions to architectural beauty. Some few of the clubs have other houses above the falls landing, where the members congregate after a hard row up the river and prepare their own "catfish and waffles." The Schuylkill Navy is by no means a belligerent body; it is organized for peace and sport. Its rowing contests are great social events in the Quaker City, and when the National Regatta is held there, the out-of-town crews generally walk off with most of the prizes.

Our illustration of a view in Fairmount Park shows the statue of Joan of Arc, at the head of the Girard Avenue Bridge, in the East Park. The statue itself is a reproduction of that famous one to the Maid of Domremy in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. As a work of art, no copy can be looked upon as a *chef-d'œuvre*, but this one of the gallant Maid inspired to man's deeds makes an effective ornament in the park. Fortunately for Philadelphia, there is a Park Art Association there, which controls the erection of statues and other art groups in the park, so that their Pantheon has escaped the monstrosities which desecrate some of the loveliest spots in our Central Park, and which, in all fairness to the artistic nervosity of our citizens, should be dumped overboard outside of Sandy Hook. "Good riddance to bad rubbish." The Park Art Association is a society that could be followed with advantage by every great city in our country. There is at present an epidemic of monuments and statues in many of our great cities, and if some artistic spirit in their midst could control and direct the well-meant energy expended in raising stone and metal effigies of our illustrious dead, it would undoubtedly result in a better average of artistic endeavor. The Park Art Association has done wonders for Philadelphia; its presence there should stimulate similar bodies throughout the country. HARRY P. MAWSON.

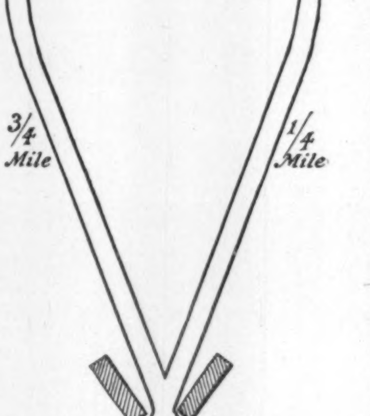
SUNOL—2.08¼!

WHEN Ten Broeck, at Louisville, May 24, 1877, ran a mile in 1.39¾, the world, as descried by the thoroughbred turfites, held up their hands and marvelled. Year after year various horses tried to break it, until Racine, in 1890, at Chicago—another of Senator Stanford's horses—chipped a bit off the record, and made it read 1.39½, and then Raveloe, over the straight track at Monmouth, went Racine a fraction better, and it stood at 1.39¼. On the 28th of August of that same year

the mighty Salvator ran a mile against Ten Broeck's famous record in 1.35½; but this was over a perfectly straight track, so that it is doubtful whether, taking everything well into consideration, Salvator's feat is in any sense a greater one than Ten Broeck's. As a matter of fact, at equal weights, the latter's time has never been equalled over an oval track to this day. A precisely analogous question now arises in reference to Sunol's great performance to beat Maud S.'s time of 2.08¾. Sunol was bred by Senator Stanford, of California, being by the immortal Electioneer out of Waxana, she by General Benton out of Waxy—a thoroughbred mare by the famous Lexington out of Grey Eagle. Electioneer was by Hambletonian out of Green Mountain Maid, she by Henry Clay.

This is the pedigree as Senator Stanford gives it, but it is disputed by Mr. Wallace in the *Trotting Register*, who claims that Waxy was not a racing-bred mare, although he is willing to concede that she had some racing blood in her veins, for it is undisputed that she was the dam of that thoroughly good race-mare Alpha, by imp. Hercules. Electioneer, Sunol's sire, was bred at Stony Ford, New York, and General Benton was also bred in this State. The point disputed by Mr. Wallace is a very important one, as it bears directly upon the amount of thoroughbred blood in Sunol's breeding. It has always been one of Senator Stanford's theories to breed up very closely to the thoroughbred cross, believing that it gets "game," speed, and endurance. It would seem from the result in Sunol's case that this theory had been triumphantly asserted. Be this point as it may, Sunol has always been a wonder—a source of pride to her breeder, Senator Stanford, her trainer and driver, Charles Marvin, and her present owner, Mr. Robert Bonner, who purchased her from the Senator last year for $41,000, but has allowed her to remain in California at Marvin's request. At two years old Sunol reduced Wildflower's record from 2.21, which had stood for six years, to 2.18; then as a three-year-old she completely "smashed" Jay-Eye-See's five-year-old record of 2.10¾ down to 2.10½, which, considering the difference in age, may be accounted about the greatest of all Sunol's record-breaking.

In this last effort against time she trotted the first quarter in 31¼ seconds, went to the half in 1.04 flat, the three-quarters in 1.37, and home, strong and easy, in 2.08¼. An analysis of this shows that the last quarter was the fastest of all, and the third quarter the slowest of all four. Sunol is a mare of superb conformation, well muscled all over, with a long-striding, frictionless action which is most deceptive to the eye of the observer. As to the question of tracks, there can be no reasonable doubt that Sunol possessed a great advantage over Maud S. in having to make her record over the "kite-shaped" track at Stockton.



THE KITE-SHAPED TRACK.

This is not said to belittle her performance, as that is a great one under any circumstances; but there is more difference than a half-second in favor of the "kite-shaped" over the old circular or oval tracks. In the former there are practically but two corners to turn, and it has besides two long straight stretches, which allows the horse free swing, and does not compel the driver, as when trotting around the old track, to slow down to make the turns safely; and what is most important, the home-stretch on the "kite-shaped" is twice the distance straight away over the circular track, and allows a greater and freer burst for the wire. But when it is stated that Sunol has trotted a half-mile in 1.02¼, it must be conceded that, all question of track cast aside, Sunol is one of the greatest trotting mares ever bred; yet until she goes a full mile over a circular track, and lowers or equals Maud S.'s time of 2.08¾ made in 1885, the daughter of Harold and Miss Russell will remain queen of the trotting turf. Mr. Bonner is to be congratulated upon possessing two such peerless equine stars, and it is all the more admirable it should be so, as their ownership is not associated with any speculative purpose. For the champions of the thoroughbred blood in the trotter, this is an additional victory. First, we had Maud S., descended from imp. Messenger, Boston, a great four-miler thoroughbred, imp. Diomed, winner of the first Derby; and now Sunol to rival her speed, also closely inbred to the running stock. Both Mr. Bonner and Senator Stanford are ardent advocates of this principle, and are giving full scope to it in breeding their trotters.

AT LAST.

Daily and hourly we approach the verge,
  The silent verge, which mortals call the end.
I hear the lapping of the far-off wave
  That bathes the shore whither we all do tend.

I sit and listen long for one clear voice,
  A gentle call, which says, "Come, cross with me;
The tide is deep and strong; thou shalt not fall;
  Nay, do not fear, for I will walk with thee."

Frances Huntington Deering.

"OUT OF THE GAME."

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

There are a few fond mothers and timid fathers who will hold up their hands when they see the picture of an accident on the foot-ball field which Mr. W. A. Rogers has drawn so vividly for this Weekly, and who will exclaim: "This is as it should be. This *proves* what we have always said. We will send this to our son, and he will give up playing that unnatural game, and will rejoice at having escaped sudden death so far, and return to the study of polarized light and Greek roots;" and they will do this, and they will accompany the picture with a letter, in which they will command their offspring to give up his place at the training-table.

And their offspring will look at the picture critically, and exclaim, "That's just great!" and he will frame it, and hang it up in his room. And the letter he will hand to the captain of the team, and say, "Hereafter I think I had better play under the name of Jones."

And then all the wise young men who compose columns on foot-ball for the big dailies will write: "Brown, who has so far played at right end on the —— College eleven, has had to give up the game for the remainder of the season. His loss will be severely felt, as Jones, who seems to have been settled upon to fill his place, is a man we have not heard of before, and a much inferior player. However, the season is yet young, and with what time there is still left for practice and proper training, Jones may in time"—and so on.

Of course this young man in this picture is not badly hurt. He dropped on one knee, let us suppose, and dived fiercely at the legs of the man who was running with the ball, and the man, or one of the men guarding him, hit him on the head with a knee-cap, or fell on him, or the team stumbled over him, or he had been hurt before, and was only put on to play until he was hurt again. And when the knee-cap strikes him, even though there is a half-inch of cotton wadding in front of it, he finds himself lying at length on the ground, and his first thought is that he has not stopped his man, which is a humiliating and an angry thought, and at once he determines to get up and try for the man again—from behind this time; but when he attempts to do that, he finds that his body has suddenly become weak and light, and that the ground, which had seemed so hard when he went pounding over it a few seconds before, is in reality rather soft and pleasantly cool, and he thinks, after all, he will go to sleep, especially since everything is so dark, and so he turns over and digs feebly at the grass and white-wash with his finger nails. And the captain comes and turns him on his back, and beckons to one of the substitutes, who has begun to hate the whole eleven very heartily for a selfish greedy lot, who will not get hurt even to oblige a classmate. And then the other captain comes up, and, if he is a gentleman, tries to look sympathetic, and asks the totally unconscious man where it hurts worst; or, if he is not a gentleman, he looks sceptical, and says significantly to the referee, "Are you taking out time on this, sir?"

And then the man who is hurt is helped off the field, and the substitute, who feels as strong and joyous as a young colt, runs up against the man opposite him to show him how strong he is, and just as though he intended to walk up and over him, and the man opposite drops his hands down, palms backward, which throws his elbows up sharply with a jerk, and in such a way as to catch the joyous substitute on both ears, which is very trying, and quite permissible if you know how to do it, and the umpire is not looking.

I think there should be a companion picture to this one with the same title. It would not be as dramatic, but it would be more pathetic. It would show the side lines and a row of anxious, interested faces of many young men not yet thirty who are watching the game as intently as a broker watches the tape, and who are "out of the game" forever. They envy this youth who has just been borne off the field limp and a little bloody, because they know he will be back on it in a day or two, while they must keep behind the ropes for the rest of the season, and for all the other seasons to come. They are the small army of ex-players, the "has beens," as the ungracious players of the season call them, and they are out of the game in earnest. If fond mothers and timid fathers have any sympathy to spare, let them give it to these. The boys who are playing do not want it. And perhaps the ex-players do not want it either, but they *would* like a little more consideration from the undergraduates. They would like them not to stare so blankly when they tell respectfully of the great half backs of *their* day, and wish they would not reply politely: "Indeed? Yes? And on what team did he play?"

Think of it! A man whom one considered it an honor to be knocked over by when he made his sensational runs, and a blessed boon to be fortunate enough to stop! And then to be asked on what team he played! One is not forgotten half so soon "when one is gone" in real life as in college life, for the college hero only lasts four years, until the Freshman class of his day has become the Senior class of the present, and after that, if he hopes to be remembered by his *alma mater*, he must go down every odd day and coach the team, or give prize cups and grand stands.

And even when he does come down to coach, the undergraduates sometimes grumble. "Yes," they say, with toleration, "but the game has changed so, you see. Those long passes and runs around the end must have been very pretty to *watch*, but you can't gain ground unless you put your men through the centre." And the ex-player bows before the patent and obvious fact that the speaker is in canvas, while he is not.

And yet you younger gentlemen might be more tolerant. Because, you see, it will not be very long before you will be back of the ropes yourselves, and watching your younger brother play a much sharper game than you ever did. And the papers will not always talk of you and your sprains, and you will not always pass on through life before a battery of photographers' cameras. The day will come, as the villains say, when you would give all you have earned on the street that month to be out on the frozen field in your dirty patched uniform, and to feel the blood tingle with the cold, and hear the roll and shock of the college yells as they sweep over your head, and to see out of the corner of your eye the high black masses at the sides, and the coaches rocking on their springs, and the sudden rise and fall of the flags, and to delight once again in your own strength and in the resistance to it. And then you will be sorry you were not more polite to the young old fogies who tried to get back into it again by talking to you; for then *you* will be "out of the game."

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

"A man of study, thought, and literature," were the words used some six years ago by the Right Honorable John Morley, in the course of a public address, to describe Mr. Arthur Balfour, who has just been appointed to succeed the late W. H. Smith as First Lord of the Treasury, and leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Morley on the same occasion took the opportunity to pay a warm tribute to the "acute intelligence" and "quick perception" of the man who is his principal opponent in Parliament. The soundness of the judgment which the home-rule leader then passed upon Mr. Balfour has since been strikingly demonstrated by the remarkable ease with which the latter has grasped and mastered the most abstruse and perplexing questions that have come before the government and the people at large during the last ten or fifteen years. As chairman of the Commission on Currency, seven or eight years ago, he astonished his colleagues, as well as the scientists and men of business who appeared before him, by the extent and thoroughness of his knowledge of this very difficult question, which so few really ever understand. His remarkable essay on the foundations of belief, entitled "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," gave evidence of great erudition as well as much originality of mind; while during his term of office as Secretary for Ireland he has won the respect and the admiration even of the Nationalist members by his masterly conduct of the debates in connection with those terribly complicated measures that he has devised for the amelioration of the condition of the Emerald Isle. A voracious reader, it is probable that much of the wonderful store of knowledge and experience that he possesses is derived from his dear books. Mr. Gladstone has often been heard to remark that Arthur Balfour and Lord Rosebery were the only two young men that he knew who bought books. Balfour's town house in Carlton Gardens, as well as Whittinghame—his place in Scotland—is stocked from cellar to garret with books; and on more than one occasion he has been known to keep the entire cabinet waiting, and to thus arrest the progress of affairs, in consequence of his having become so interested in some book or other that he had actually forgotten the hour set for the meeting of the ministerial council.

I trust, however, that this will not lead any one who does not enjoy the agreeable advantage of his personal acquaintance to regard him as a mere bookworm. Far from this being the case, he is an adept in many of the national games, and one of the most skilful and clever players of golf in either Scotland or England. True, he does not appear very athletic, and people who see him for the first time are occasionally led by his somewhat lackadaisical and effeminate appearance to imagine that he is a kind of political Bunthorne, or a member of the drooping sunflower brigade founded and organized by Oscar Wilde. But this momentary impression quickly vanishes when one recalls to mind his record in the cricket field and on the river at Eton, and it does not take long to realize that the muscles of that long spare race-horse frame are as if of steel, and that a will of the same finely tempered metal is concealed beneath his soft, amiable, and altogether charming manner.

Years ago Arthur Balfour used to be known as one of Mr. Gladstone's pet boys. He was a particular favorite of the Grand Old Man, who seemed to find much pleasure and entertainment in the lad's conversation. I am afraid, however, that Mr. Gladstone no longer derives the same enjoyment in listening to Arthur Balfour's remarks, especially when they happen to be delivered within the walls of the House of Commons; for he must be well aware by this time that it is his pet boy of the days of yore who has become the principal obstacle and the most dangerous opponent to his cherished scheme of home-rule for Ireland.

Mr. Balfour rarely if ever loses his temper, which is of the most imperturbable character; and this in itself gives him an immense advantage over the majority of his political opponents in debate. His manner is very quiet, and it requires very close observation indeed to discover traces of that superciliousness of the Cecils which he has manifestly inherited from them through his mother, Lord Salisbury's sister. It is a superciliousness that is probably altogether involuntary, perhaps even unconscious, due to a very natural pride of race, and which is only partially concealed from view by invariable and unexceptionable courtesy, not alone of manner, but also of heart. Exceedingly fond of society, the latter returns Mr. Balfour's affection with interest, and few men enjoy greater popularity in the London *salons*. He stands equally well at the clubs, where the men like him, and admire his nerve, his pluck, and his dogged determination. He is still a bachelor, and inasmuch as he possesses a very handsome fortune, besides the reversion of the Tory leadership and of the Premiership on the death or withdrawal from political life of his uncle, Lord Salisbury, he is naturally considered as one of the greatest prizes in the matrimonial market.

It was under the guidance of Lord Salisbury that he may be said to have commenced his political career; and as late as eleven years ago he was still filling the somewhat subordinate office of assistant private secretary to his uncle, whom he accompanied to Berlin at the time of the Berlin Congress. Subsequently, on the accession to power of the Liberals in 1880, he joined Lord Randolph Churchill, and, together with Sir John Gorst and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, formed that famous Fourth Party, whose guerilla tactics of warfare and independence of control added so many gray hairs to the head of the Tory leader, Sir Stafford Northcote. In 1885, when Lord Salisbury formed his first cabinet, Mr. Balfour was appointed president of the Local Government Board. In 1886 he became Secretary for Scotland, and a year later Secretary for Ireland. The acceptance of the latter office had until then always been regarded as equivalent to political suicide, for it was an axiom of modern English politics that no man could ever achieve success as Irish Secretary. Mr. Balfour is the first man who has proved an exception to the rule, by making the Irish Secretaryship a stepping-stone to the leadership of the House, to the First Lordship of the Treasury, and ultimately to the office of Prime Minister of the vast British Empire.

F. C. O.

THE SWINGING GATE.

The twilight is full of sadness,
  And the wind in its coat of gray
Skulks like a wolf thro' the shadows,
  And will not be scared away.

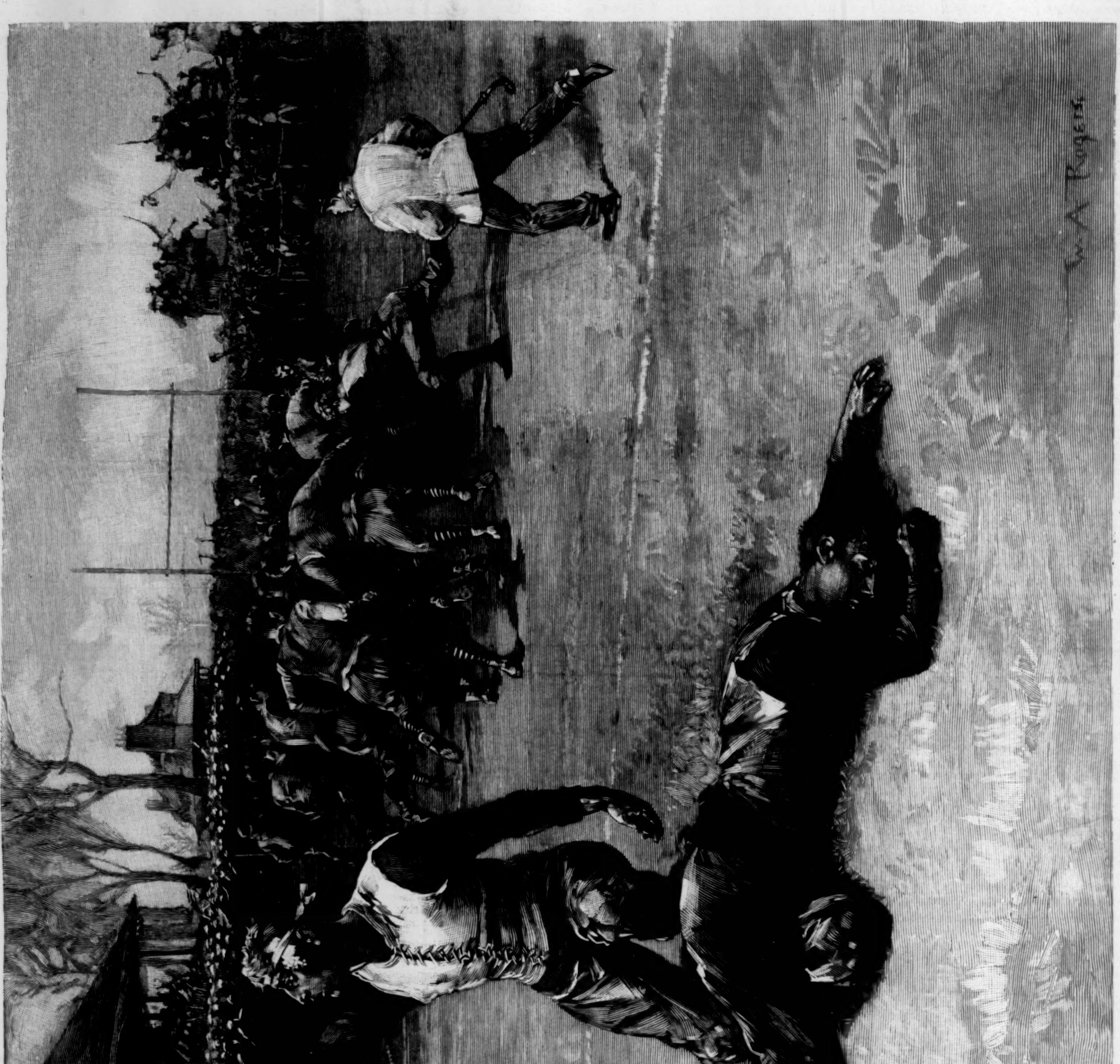
Down at the foot of the garden
  The gate is swinging slow,
As if invisible footsteps
  Were passing to and fro.

And it seems to me, in my musing,
  They are feet of my coming fate,
That will find their way to my threshold
  And pass it like the gate.

O say, do ye bring good tidings,
  Ye unseen messengers?
Or is it sorrow and boding
  Of future griefs and cares?

The gate swings slowly, slowly,
  And the shutters creak and start;
I sit in the glowing lamp-light,
  But a shadow fills my heart.

Florence E. Pratt.



OUT OF THE GAME.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 843.]

TEAM PLAY IN FOOT-BALL.

BY WALTER CAMP.

IF ever a sport offered inducements to the man of executive ability, to the man who can plan, foresee, and manage, it is certainly the modern American foot-ball. Already in the few years during which the game has been played in this country the fact has been time and again demonstrated that a team composed of the very pick of individual players has no chance whatever against the systematic methods of even the ordinarily well-drilled team, whose members are by no means equal in attainments or physique to the picked team, but who have played together for months, and whose force can be concentrated on the word at any desired point.

Team play is the road to victory, and the only one in these days of foot-ball, when captains and coaches spend far more time and thought over the conduct of the campaign than over individual work. Not only is the general dependence of one man upon another brought out and made a feature of the work, but the general movement of the struggle, the point of pressure, and the lines of resistance—all are become an interesting study for those who mean to win.

Unfortunately the fact that when the season commences probably half the men on a team are new militates very strongly against any early attempts at general team-work, but with patience the rudimentary knowledge is drilled into the new recruits, and after a few weeks the coach can begin to teach them uniformity of action as a whole. Of the plays most commonly made use of by teams of the present day, there are perhaps a score which one can note as regulation plays, and a brief description of certain of these will aid captains and coaches who have new teams to break in.

THE WEDGE, OR V.

The wedge, or V, is the play used to open a game by probably nine-tenths of the teams. This takes its name from the peculiar arrangement of the players during the attempt to advance. The formation is that of a huge V-shaped mass of men, with the runner inside this V. The point is directed toward the enemy's line, and the endeavor is to force an opening through which the runner may emerge, and continue on even after the wedge of protecting men is brought to a standstill. The first point in this play is an actual advance of the entire body by main force of weight and pushing as far as possible, keeping the formation unbroken, so that the runner with the ball may not be stopped. This usually means an advance of ten or twenty yards at least. Then there is the additional chance of so separating the opponents as to allow the runner to come out at the peak or through the side suddenly and unexpectedly while the opponents are involved in the mass, and by this unexpected emergence add to the gain made by the wedge an ofttimes unimpeded and considerable run of his own. Some coaches instruct the runner to use his own discretion about selecting his opening; others have a definite understanding as to where he is to emerge, the two men between whom he goes making the opening at the time when they find the wedge stopping. The latter method is far preferable in a well-drilled team whose men are not wofully overmatched by their opponents in respect to size and strength. A team should practise variations of this play, in order that the runner may have the advantage of surprising the opponents by not coming out at always the same point. Several modifications of the wedge play have been practised with more or less success by different teams. One of the most clever was a one-sided V play in which the men started off sharply, making a long diagonal line of men running across and up the field, while the man with the ball ran just behind them, and managed to make the distance which this line could cut off from the field.

The wedge and its principles are, of course, chiefly applicable when the opponents are restrained from advancing, as in kick-off, kick-out, and fair catches, although the same formation upon a smaller scale is already coming to be practised in the case of ordinary downs.

B. W. TRAFFORD, CAPTAIN OF THE HARVARD TEAM.

HOW TO MEET A WEDGE.

Many are the ways in which opponents try to meet and defeat the ends of this wedge play. The most simple, and the one which has commended itself most generally, is that of lying down before it. It is not deeply scientific, and is sometimes rather trying to those who perform the duty, but it is effective to a degree, and when there are no other means which seem to check the advance, is not to be scorned. The men in the front of the wedge fall over the prostrate antagonists, and the advance comes to a stop suddenly and surely. But there is an objection in the case of a cleverly manipulated wedge when the runner is helped out at the side, and the men who are down in front cannot rise to be of any assistance in stopping him. Of course there are others upon whom this duty should devolve, but rapid and judicious interference at the proper moment may take these out of the way, and the gain made be far greater than by a direct forcing at the peak of the wedge. Other methods of opposition are: breaking in the peak by main strength; sending a man over the heads of the leaders; and finally, and more scientific when skilfully performed, holding the peak and turning the pressure off, so that the wedge goes across the field instead of straight ahead.

A SECOND PLAY.

When the game has been started, and the wedge play executed, almost the next manœuvre will be a punt, say by a half back or back. The team play upon this is to secure the ground gained by the kick. This is only possible by the coincidence of several events—a well-directed kick, strong and rapid following up, aided by slow or careless play by the opponents. But in every case the attempt must be made, and the forwards, particularly the ends, or, if they be badly impeded, the tackles, must go down the field hard, upon the chance of getting the ball or forcing a down, rather than a return kick or a scratch. Here good judgment plays a most important part. First, in the kicker. If he can select the most difficult point for the half or back of his opponents to reach, and there place the ball, he gives his own men a fair chance to make good his kick. If he send the ball too high, his opponents will surely be able to reach the spot and secure a fair catch. If he send it too low, his own men have no time to get down the field, and the opponents will surely return the kick—probably on the run, and with interest. A happy medium between the two is what he must try for, and it is only long practice which will enable him to hit upon this happy medium.

T. L. McCLUNG, CAPTAIN OF THE YALE TEAM.

FORWARD PLAY UNDER A KICK.

Then, too, the judgment of his forwards often makes the difference between success and failure in this play. It must be remembered that the forwards cannot start off madly down the field as soon as the ball is snapped. If they could there would be no difficulty about their being on hand when the ball came. But each has to block his man first, in order that the kicker may not be stopped by a man getting through upon him while in the very act of kicking the ball. The usual fault of green forwards is to block too long, and hence to be late in getting after the kick. The fault of the older men is apt to be the opposite one of taking too great chances for the sake of an early start. Then there is also a way of telling where the ball is going to fall by the movement and faces of the opponents, rather than by stopping to look over one's own head to actually see the ball itself. Veteran forwards seldom have to see the ball as they go down the field. They can judge exactly from the opponents where to go.

This knack of reading at a glance the probable dropping point of the kick is acquired by nearly all men who play long in the forward line, and it makes a wonderful difference in the quickness with which they can follow up a kick. But there is one other point often—too often—neglected in the practice, and hence of no manner of use in a game. I refer to an understanding between the forwards and the kicker as to where he intends driving the ball; also as to whether he will send a high kick or a low one; still further, and most important of all, whether he will kick into touch or not.

KICKING INTO TOUCH.

One play by no means unpopular last season was that of deliberately kicking into touch on the third down and making a try at recovering the ball. Of course the success of the play depended largely upon whether the opponents were taken by surprise or not, but even when they suspected such a stratagem there was still some chance of success, because they could not place a man over in touch without greatly weakening their defence, and giving a fair opportunity of driving the ball between them in the field of play. When this kicking into long touch upon a third down is attempted, the forwards are always apprised of it. But there is almost as much reason for advising them of the probable destination of the ball in other kicks as well, and before many more seasons the crack teams will have signals that shall convey this needed information to the forwards. The reason this development has not come earlier is that the punting of Americans is not up to the standard of the rest of their play. Most strikingly is this true of the accuracy of their punts. When, therefore, a kicker does not know himself where he is going to send the ball, there is no great demand for a signal which would only mean that he might possibly send the ball in a certain direction, but the chances were about even of its going elsewhere. As soon as American teams have half backs or backs competent to place the ball when they punt it with some fair measure of accuracy, we shall find them signalling the direction of each kick to their forwards. Then will the opposition that may now be advanced against this play with quite a preponderance of success become far more difficult.

DEFEATING A KICK.

At present the team play to defeat the object of a kick consists of sending one or two extra men up into the forward line—one of them the quarter and the other a half if deemed safe—and then attacking the kicking side at any of the points along which the ball travels in its course; that is, endeavoring to secure the ball while it is being snapped to the quarter, while the quarter is passing it to a half, while the half is catching it, while he is kicking it, and, finally, just as it starts on its course, before it passes above the uplifted hands. All this in the direction of stopping the kick. Next, as to neutralizing its effect—and here, perhaps, is the less clearly understood portion of the play. When the ball has passed safely from the foot of the kicker over the heads of the attacking forwards, only the smallest portion of the gain has been effected, and it is possible to entirely neutralize the play if the action is quick and united. First, the men who are following up the kick must be stopped or retarded; and next, the man who is about to receive the ball must be protected. But the style of kick must determine which of these two elements is of the greater importance. For instance, if the kick be a high one, and one that does not carry the ball very far down the field, no amount of interference—legitimate interference—can prevent some of the forwards reaching the spot where the ball will fall some time before it comes down. And, again, on a low long kick going directly at the full back, a very slight amount of interference will allow him plenty of time to take the ball and return it, and he may need no protection whatever beyond what that of early interference will give to him. And the final point is, of course, the quickness, coolness, and skill of the man who must receive and return the kick either from a fair catch or on the run. As a rule, unless for a chance at goal or a particularly placed kick, the return on the run is the preferred method, because then the forwards are up under the kick, where they, in their turn, may take advantage of the fumbling of an adversary. Then, too, it gives the enemy the larger share of the running to do. A fair catch recalls the forwards to "on side," and gives the opponents a chance to rearrange their scattered men, as well as a clear field in which to catch and return.

BUCKING THE LINE.

The simplest form of team play in "a run" is that wherein a half back attempts to make his way through the line at some given point. Let us take, for the sake of an example, a run between guard and tackle. The principal feature of this play, and yet the one most regularly neglected, is to get the runner up into the line in good form and with the ball well held. Three out of every five failures of this play come from a cause operating before the runner strikes the line. The ball may be badly passed to him, he may be too slow in starting, he may fumble the ball when it comes, or he may hesitate or even drop the ball just before he reaches the line. Any one of these faults may serve to bring a man upon his back before he takes his plunge. But there are faults which are not to be attributed to the runner, yet just as fatal to his success, although they are the work, or rather lack of work, of others. Any man along the line may let his opponent through, and that opponent be able to reach the runner from behind before he can make his opening. The likeliest places for this to happen are on the opposite side at tackle, and sometimes, in the case of an extra man, like a quarter, near the centre. The first lesson for the coach, then, to inculcate into his pupils regarding this play is the absolute necessity of blocking sharply until the runner can start. It is not necessary to hold a man until the runner has gone through; it is only necessary to block long enough to be sure that the man let through will be too late to reach the runner. As to the men who are engaged in making the opening, they must be unanimous in their action. If the guard pushes his man out of the way a minute before the tackle disposes of his man, the runner will never be able to get through safely. The two men must act at the same instant, and merely force their men apart rather than attempt, as some forwards do, to carry the opponent ten yards or so out of the way. The most successful opening is not the large one, but the small, sharply defined one that just lets the runner through, and lets nobody through behind him. From this, one must see that the calculation of the proper time to make the opening is rather a delicate matter. That it certainly is, for, made too early, it is sure to become choked before the runner reaches it; and made too late, it delays him so that he is caught from behind. It ought to come just as his footsteps bring him up to it. In fact it has not been badly described as appearing to be made by

RALPH WARREN, CAPTAIN OF THE PRINCETON TEAM.

a "cow-catcher" preceding him by a few feet.

THE TANDEM PLAY.

This idea has been carried into execution by making an accompanying half act as a "cow-catcher," preceding the runner through the opening to clear the way, and in many cases to be tackled by mistake for the holder of the ball, who is thus enabled to make on a few steps farther. This play and its general application to runs made through the rush line has been known as the "tandem play," and is often diversified by having a third man still take part in it by joining his comrade in preceding the runner, or else by following after the runner, and giving him a much-needed push when he seems likely to come to a standstill. The chief caution to give the assistants in this tandem play is that if they precede the runner, they must not under any circumstances fall down or allow themselves to be thrown to the ground. If a leader finds himself losing his balance, and realizes that he cannot regain his feet, but must tumble, his last attempt must be to throw himself—and, if possible, an opponent—clear of the path he knows his runner is likely to need.

SPOILING A RUN.

And this indicates what the opposition is that should be advanced to meet this play. As in the case of a kick, every attempt should be made to spoil the quarter's pass, to prevent the half from receiving the ball safely, and finally to overtake him before he reaches or just as he has entered his opening. In order to make this last attempt more successful, there should be a general understanding among those near the play that they must "choke up the opening" at all hazards, by getting into it themselves or by throwing an opponent there. It is well to remember that if, by mistake, a man tackles the one who hasn't the ball, he has still done good service if by so doing he has blocked the way of the runner, whereas, if he tackle the man in this way and throw him to one side instead of into the opening, he has aided the runner.

After the runner has gone through the line, and is making his way down the field, every rusher should feel it his duty to follow him, no matter how hopeless the chase may at the moment appear to be; there is always a chance of overtaking the runner, even if he have no one to pass, and in this case he will probably have to go by two men at least, one half and the back. Here is also a point which the coach should thoroughly instil into the minds of his halves and back, and that is the advisability of going forward to meet the runner rather than waiting for him to come. There are two reasons for this act, both of them sound ones. In the first place, if the tackle prove successful, the gain made by the run will be shortened by just the amount that the tackler advanced; and secondly, if it prove unsuccessful, it nevertheless increases the opportunities for still overtaking the runner, both by upsetting his calculations in regard to his direction, and by giving him less time to think how he shall make his turn.

END RUN.

The next distinctive team play of importance is an end run. Usually one of the half backs is the man selected for the greater part of this work, and in the execution of it clever interference reaches its height. Not that the interference itself is more difficult in this play than in any other, but that the massing of men at the point of attack is more long continued, and hence must be planned not as a single instant of combined pressure, but as several minutes of running interference. When well performed, it looks like the swinging of a long line of men against the flank of the opponents, as one might swing a line of boys in "snap the whip," and one, the runner, goes spinning off around the end just as the lines seem to meet. All this is in appearance only, for to accomplish the play successfully several men must be checked or interfered with as the runner makes his way out to the end, and just as he reaches that point and puts on his burst of speed there must be a clever shutting off of the outermost man. Such work cannot be learned in a day. It requires the steady practice together of the same men for weeks before that precision of movement can be attained. All teams do not carry out the end play in exactly the same manner, and it is by no means certain that any particular method may be selected and called the best of them all. But whatever the method is, it must be practised faithfully, its weaknesses patched up, and its movement regulated if it is to prove a success when the important time of trial comes, that is, in actual contest with a strange and strong team.

EXECUTION OF AN END RUN.

The description of a single method will suffice to show the chief points of the play, and will indicate the lines upon which it should be built. Let us suppose that the coach chooses to send the left half back around the right end. Even the most ignorant of foot-ball novices will appreciate the fact that such a play is mere madness if the ball is well over on the right side of the field, for then the runner would only be going straight into the very thickest of the crowd, and with clear space ahead only after he should have gone outside the touch line. The first thing to be done, then, is to select an opportunity or make one when the ball shall be well over upon the left side of the field. Then give the signal for this play, and let the left half back, as soon as the ball is snapped, start toward the right, receiving the ball, and then running directly across the field ten yards or less behind the line of forwards. At the same moment the right half back and back make off in a similar direction, but, from the advantage of their position, preceding the runner by a few yards. The quarter, too, immediately after passing the ball, runs to the right, very much nearer the forward line, however, than any of the other three, and in such a way as to jostle off any man who may have succeeded in getting through the line of rushers. The guard, tackle, and end on the right are meantime blocking their men as well as they can, and it is easy to understand that as soon as these men see the direction of the runner, they will endeavor to get over to the right end as rapidly as their encumbered position will allow. The result is that the entire side of the line moves in that direction; but as each opponent is impeded to a greater or less degree by the man who is blocking him, the runner and his two preceding comrades are making much better time toward the desired gap that intervenes between the end of the rush line and the edge of the field. When the runner finds himself approaching a point a few yards inside the opposing end, he puts on his highest speed, and tries to circle the end of the line. At the same moment his two comrades have reached that end, and, by interfering, crowd into the field any opponent who has succeeded in reaching a dangerous proximity to the side line. As the runner goes past the extreme end, the combined force of his half and back with the end and tackle, and perhaps a quarter as well, compresses the line of straggling opponents into a kind of cramped semicircle, outside of which the runner has a fairly good chance of a long run. There is no reason why the players mentioned in this description should be the only ones who can be used in this end run. In fact, a clever fast guard can block his man, and then get out to the end in time to be of service. So, too, can an opposite tackle, or even an end. The principal element is not the number of men who are engaged, but the proper timing of their interference to so tangle up the opposing line as the runner makes for the end, that when he makes his spurt he shall have a fair chance, by the use of his highest speed, to pass the narrow gap without being tackled or forced into touch.

MEETING AN END RUN.

The opposition to this end run is based upon two things—one, the activity of the general line in breaking through and reaching the runner; the other, the cleverness of the end in avoiding the interferers and guarding the edge of the field. It would seem perfectly simple for a coach to instruct an end to stand at his post, close to the touch line, and thus block up the gap; but if that be performed too literally, the runner turns earlier and comes inside the end, making his run just as effective as though he passed outside. Green men on the end err, as a rule, far oftener on the side of coming in too far or too soon than they do in sticking too closely to the touch line, so that in coaching green men it is better to keep them for some time under the strictest orders to make the runner go on the inside. Later, when they have mastered the idea that there is nothing to help them on the outside except a slender touch line, they can be gradually permitted to exercise a little judgment on their own account in the matter of leaving the side line in case of emergency. The truth of the matter is that so much depends upon thorough co-operation between an end and his own tackle that the two should be law each to the other. No other method of play, such as laying down a hard and fast rule as to when an end may try for a man, can ever meet with the success that can be brought about by a thorough understanding and playing in pairs of these two positions.

ADAPTATION OF THE FOUR PLAYS.

These plays—the wedge, the kick, the run through the line, and the run around the end—make a framework upon which a coach may build up an almost endless variety of movements, and if he follow the points laid down for the successful execution of these, he will find that they act as guides to almost any manœuvre he may wish to attempt.

For example, the principle of the wedge may be adapted to almost any forcing *en masse*, no matter at what point it may be directed. Similarly, the blocking and following up of a punt is not very unlike that to be adopted when a drop kick is attempted. All running by half backs through the line takes on the character of either the run between guard and tackle or that around the end, while the assistance rendered by interferers is usually either that shown in the tandem play or that illustrated in the end run.

TEAM TACTICS.

But there is still another branch to be discussed, which might be classed under the head of team tactics rather than that of team play. That branch is the study of transferring the play from point to point, and the adaptation of the various methods to the end immediately desired. One can readily see that a team might be proficient in all the plays described and be composed of good material, and yet, by a failure to use the play at the proper time, make a most pitiable showing. To take an extreme case, a team might be directly under the opponent's goal and within a few yards of the goal line, with the ball at first down, and, instead of forcing the ball over or trying a drop, might let a half or back punt the ball over the line, and thus give the opponents a touch back and the privilege of bringing the ball out to the twenty-five-yard line. Or, again, a team might have a strong wind at their backs, and the ball be down in their own goal at the third down. Instead of driving a long punt down the field, they might send a runner ploughing up into the line, and, making no gain, be obliged to surrender the ball to their opponents. Such generalship, while it seems, when studied in cold blood, absolutely idiotic, is in minor ways regularly exhibited a dozen times in a game by captains who ought to know better.

USING THE WIND.

The study of the best methods of taking advantage of the wind is one of the most important, and will reward the captain and coach fully as much as the same amount of thought expended upon any other feature of the game. The majority are contented with the mere knowledge that the side which has the wind should do the most kicking, but in reality such a statement of the case is wholly inadequate. When the wind is blowing straight down the field, its value as a factor in the kicking game is something which spectators scarcely realize, and even the players themselves hardly reckon at its full account until they are compelled to face it. But for all this, one must not conclude that the thing to do is to punt the ball as far down the field as possible every time the opportunity offers. Especially is such a policy a poor one when the ball is near enough to the opponents' goal to make the kick send it past the goal line. A drop kick under such circumstances is sometimes, though not always, indicated. The true way to make use of the wind under these conditions depends oftentimes upon the stage of the game at the moment. If the runners on the team are fresh and strong, and from their earlier attempts have shown that they can repeatedly succeed in making their five yards, it is frequently advisable when within the twenty-five-yard line to play for a touch-down. But, on the other hand, if there be only a few minutes of playing time left, and five points will turn a defeat into victory, the drop kick may be strongly called for.

KICKING INTO TOUCH NEAR GOAL LINE.

But chiefest of all, in a game where the sides are fairly well matched and the game in its early stages, is the kick into touch near the corner. American players seem as yet to have gained no great knowledge of the immense value of this kicking into touch. An English back will seldom kick anywhere else than into touch, while our players do not even realize the value of such a kick in the most marked cases. When the ball is still far from the goal, and yet so within the enemy's territory as with the wind to make it likely that a strong kick will send it to the goal line, the play should always be to kick into touch as well down toward the corner as possible. Such a play puts the opponents upon the defensive, and that, too, in a most unpleasant manner, for it brings them up against their own goal with a course and two alternatives from which to choose. They must, by wonderful running, gain their five yards more than once, or be forced to kick directly before their own goal, or finally make a safety touch-down. If they make a safety, it gives their enemies two points; if they kick the ball, it gives their enemies a more than fair chance to catch the ball, heel it, and place kick a goal, or they must try a run. And it is by no means an encouraging situation for a runner called upon to carry the ball out of such a predicament. The side which is forced is likely to be discouraged, while the attacking side is doubly confident and strong from their close proximity to the opponents' goal.

WHEN AND WHERE TO KICK.

But this is only a very simple case, and the reasons for the play are evident. There are many other occasions where there is more opportunity for discussion; for instance, the question whether when with the wind, it is always advisable to kick on the first down. One of the best rules to follow in this case is that a captain can safely send his men occasionally for a run on first downs, or even second downs, so long as he only gives them enough work to keep them active, and not to tire them in the least. He should always remember that one of the chief advantages to be gained from the wind is that of keeping his own runners fresh by kicking, while his opponents are obliged to exhaust their men by making their recovery of lost ground almost entirely by running. One rule when playing with the wind the captain is never justified in breaking, so long as he is not close to the opponents' goal, and that is to "get in his kick." In other words, no matter if he has gained in his two attempts all but six inches of the five yards, he must take no chances of another run when the wind is with him, but kick.

A point sometimes forgotten is that in important matches the crowd are often so arranged upon the stands as to shut off much of the force of the wind in the lower strata of the air, and for this reason as well a kick with the wind should be a high kick. For the same reasons, the side which is facing the wind should always, when forced to kick, send the ball rather low, and as hard as possible.

LOBSTER-HUNTING.

New England lobsters are famous for their size and beauty, and the fishermen who go out to catch "lobs" claim that those caught in certain localities along the coast have flavors peculiarly their own. South of Jersey they are very scarce, poor in quality, and as different in flavor from the ones found further up the coast as a Blue Point oyster is different from its muddy cousin found growing in some brackish river bottom. Even along the New England coast they show decided preferences for certain localities, being more abundant, larger, and of a finer flavor in some bays and harbors than in others.

The lobsters put on sale in the Fulton Market give one a general idea of their appearance; but when floating around in their native element, one has a higher appreciation of their importance and individuality. They are not to be trifled with then, and any attempts at familiarity are pugnaciously resented. They have to be approached very carefully, and lured into traps by tricks well known to the fishermen. Stale fish—the sculpin opened lengthwise usually—is the bait that attracts the lobsters into the meshes of the shallow net, from which there is no escape. These nets are small but stout, and attached to a buoy or float by several drop ropes.

The lobsters prefer rocky bottoms, where they live on clams, mussels, and mollusks. In the spring of the year they come in from the deep water, and remain in the harbors and bays until fall. The lobster season then opens, and the old salts mend up their nets, and begin to repair to some favorite ground near the coast. Two or three nets and a large basket are all the equipments necessary for a lobster hunt. Moonlight nights are the proper time to start on such an excursion, which means business as well as pleasure for the fisherman. When the lobster-ground is reached, the first net is baited with dead fish and quietly dropped overboard. The boat is then shoved on to another good place, and the second trap set for the unwary crawlers of the deep. When three or four nets are thus set, it is about time to haul up the first one. This is brought up to the surface carefully, and as the water drips through the meshes, several fine dark green "lobs" throw up their large claws, and try to get a snap at their enemy. They are savage when brought to bay in such a manner, and none but an old hand at the business would dare to lift them out of their uncomfortable position. But the old fisherman seizes one dexterously just back of the large claws, and holds the enemy in such a manner that the heavy claws are really harmless.

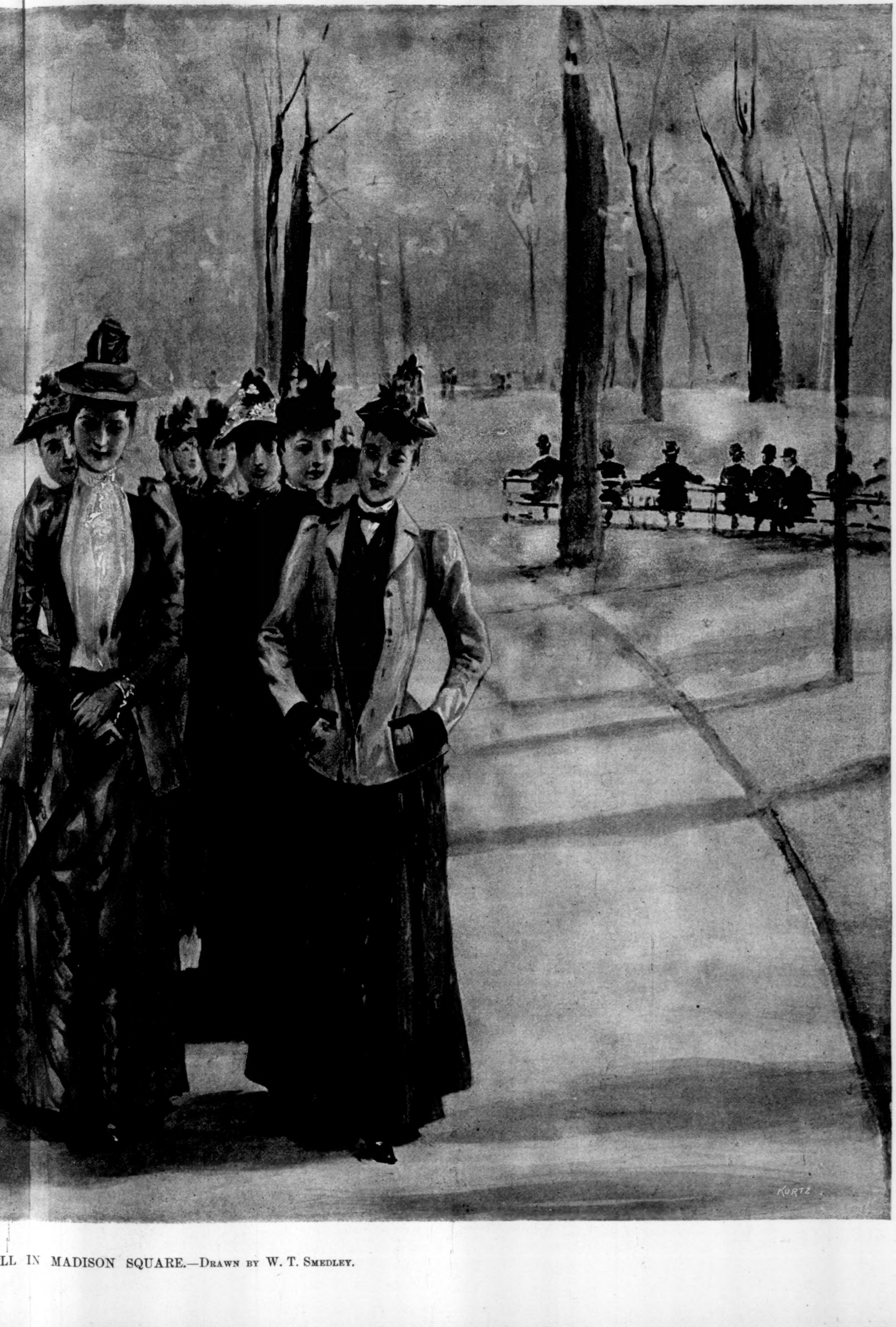
The catch is then deposited into the basket, and the net set for the second haul. The next net is pulled up in the same way, and the boat soon gets pretty well loaded down with the crawlers.

During the summer months sea-side visitors on our New England coast organize "lobster hunts," which are usually very pleasant affairs. Two boats carry a party of five or six to the lobster grounds where the guide tells them that "lobs" are to be found. In addition to the nets and baskets, a large boiler is brought along. On some prominent rock which overlooks the lobster-grounds, they build a fire, and securely fasten the boiler in some crevice just over the flame. Clear spring water is poured into the boiler, which soon begins to sputter and hiss as the fire burns up brightly. When a dozen or more lobsters have been caught, they are brought to the rock and dumped into the boiling water. There is a brief struggle for life, a scratching noise in the boiler, and then all is quiet again. Some crackers and cheese are meanwhile produced, and a circle is formed around the fire and the boiling lobsters. The light of the moon casts pale weird shadows on the dark rocks, while the sea waves dance and sing monotonously below. When the cover of the boiler is finally removed, the beautiful green of the shells has taken on a bright red. The shells are easily broken, and as soon as the meat has cooled sufficiently, each member of the party secures a trophy, and begins the feast of the epicure.

These excursions are indefinitely prolonged. Sometimes the difficulty in getting a good supply of the crawlers prevents an early return to the hotel, while the appetite of the excursionists, sharpened by the salty air and the excitement of the sport, occasionally keeps the party out until the small hours of the morning. The time for returning, however, is usually regulated by the moon, as it is not so pleasant to be on the water when everything is wrapped in darkness.

George E. Walsh.

BACK FROM VACATION—A MORNING STROLL



LL IN MADISON SQUARE.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

THE LANDING-NET; OR, TOM, DICK, AND HARRY.

A Comedy, with serious tendencies, in One Act.

BY ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.	COSTUMES.
MISS KATE LAUDERDALE	Morning gown.
MR. THOMAS MERRIAM	Pink coat, dark trousers, top-boots, cropstick.
MR. RICHARD WITHERS	Elaborate striped room gown.
TOBY, *a bull-terrier pup*	Collar and leash.

SCENE.—*A country house in a hunting country, almost anywhere. A large hall, with stairs leading to a landing; at one end large double door. Foxes' brushes, deers' antlers, and other trophies adorn the walls.*

Enter Mr. Merriam ("Tom").

Tom. I'm sure I heard Kate's voice here just now. (*He calls.*) Miss Lauderdale! (*Then goes part of the way up the stairs, looks around, and calls again.*) Miss Lauderdale! (*Comes down, and seats himself on one of the lower steps.*) She can't have gone with the hounds, after all? No; she's about somewhere, and I'll wait here awhile. (*Switches his boot with his cropstick nervously.*) I believe I'm rattled. By Jove! I am; that's the truth. She must know how I feel. She has eyes. (*Shakes his head, and sighs.*) I should rather say she had, and knows how to use them. Of course she knows. Anyhow, she shall before the morning's over. (*Muses, with handle of cropstick to his mouth.*) There's Dick; he's bright, rather, but too young. I'm not afraid of him. There's Harry; old enough, certainly, but—No, it doesn't seem to me that he's the man for her. Still (*switches his boot again*), it's all a lottery. I think she likes me. Dick—confound him! why will he make a confidant of me?—Dick thinks she likes him. Harry thinks to suit himself too, I suppose. (*Yawns nervously, and nibbles his cropstick.*) I dare say I am an ass to precipitate affairs. What's that about "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread"? H'm! Well, I always admired the nerve of the fools, and in this case no one, certainly, can truthfully accuse the other two of being angels. (*Looks at his watch.*) Now where the deuce is Kate? I'll step out and see if she is on the terrace.

[*Exit, to left. As he disappears,* Miss Lauderdale, *leading* Toby *in leash, appears upon the landing. Talks to dog in the maudlin language usually addressed by intelligent people to unintellectual dogs.*

Miss L. Yes, he was a little love, he was. (*Seats herself on landing, and begins working at some kind of network.*) Of all days for Kitty to go lame! And she is the only mount I take any comfort in. No hunt for me to-day. Sorry—for them. (*Laughs, and puts down her work.*) I hate this sort of thing. Always detested needlework. It's well enough when you're talking with any one—a man, for instance. It bridges little awkward silences, and is often quite effective. But alone it becomes a burden. (*Yawns, and clasps her hands over her knees, and looks dreamily down the stairs.*) I wonder if Dick isn't coming down this morning? That sprained wrist isn't going to keep him in bed, I hope. It's really lonesome. (*Takes up work again.*) I told Tom at breakfast I should be in the house the most of the morning. And to think of his going off with the pink-coats after that! Tommy isn't wise in his generation. Still (*laughs softly*), perhaps he is, after all. *Si la jeunesse savait* (*Door opens;* Tom *enters hall.*) Why, Tom, how you startled me! I supposed you were following the hounds, leading the hunt, shouting "Tally ho!" and all that.

Tom (*sentimentally, and sitting on the stair just below*). You thought that, and you alone here?

Miss L. (*briskly*). Alone, but not lonely.

Tom. Ah! I presume there is a hidden meaning in that remark. It means, *prima facie*, go; really, however, I think you prefer me to stay. At any rate (*leans back comfortably*), I shall for a while.

Miss L. What an analyst you are! Do you happen to have joined the Society for Psychical Research?

Tom. Do you mean I am searching for Psyche? Yes. You don't know how like my ideal of her you are as you sit there.

Miss L. How delightful! Thanks, so much! How versatile you are! You can turn your phrases to suit every emergency. Only yesterday I was telling Harry what a conversationalist you were.

Tom. Good-natured of you, I'm sure. Harry agreed, of course?

Miss L. Oh yes. He said you talked very well.

Tom (*with asperity*). Threw the accent on "talked," did he?

Kate (*innocently*). What accent? Harry doesn't talk with an accent. Here (*tossing his ball of worsted*); try and be useful as well as ornamental.

Tom. What are you making—a tennis-net, or is it a net for fishes?

Miss L. I hate tennis, and I am no fisher.

Tom. Not even in the apostolic sense?

Miss L. Pardon me?

Tom (*not altogether pleased to have to explain his mot*). Wasn't your uncle a clergyman? Where is your early education? I meant a fisher of men, of course.

Miss L. (*chillingly*). The net isn't spread for you.

Tom (*laughing*). No, but I seem to have run into it. Still, if I am intruding, I'll go.

[*Sits quite still.*

Miss L. Ah, but you don't go! If you expect me to urge you to remain, you're doomed to disappointment. Why don't you go?

Tom (*with elaborate air of indifference*). Natural perverseness alone bids me stay.

Miss L. Natural perverseness alone! Complimentary. I wonder why you are so disagreeable this morning.

Tom. I'm not.

Miss L. De gustibus non. (*Silence a moment.* Miss L. *pretends to be busy with her work. Suddenly.*) Why aren't you with the hunt this morning?

Miss L. All on account of Kitty. Why aren't you?

Tom. A reason quite cognate—all on account of Kate.

Miss L. How graceful! Don't stir (*as he attempts to come nearer*). You'll tangle that skein, and at present you're really serviceable.

Tom. You remind me of one of the Fates, spinning there.

Miss L. A thousand thanks. They're ugly old women, aren't they?

Tom. That's Michael Angelo's conception of a Fate. Now my Fate—

Miss L. Oh, am I to be your Fate? That's good-natured of you!

Tom (*despairingly*). How you twist and torture my meanings! (*Silence a moment, then with air of great decision and well-braced courage.*) Still, as we are talking of Fates, I may as well say now as any time that could I dare hope for a fate so—

[*Leans over toward her with sudden fervor. Just then a voice is heard above, singing. She gives a little exclamation, and drops ball of worsted, which rolls to bottom of stairs.* Tom *sulkily pursues it, and returns.*

Miss L. It's Dicky. He's on the third floor. Sit on the lower step and he won't see you.

Dick (*from above, over the balusters*). Good-morning, Katherine. All through breakfast?

Miss L. (*with an air of great concern*). Why, Dick, what did you try to get up for, with your poor wrist? Yes, all through, and off to the hunt, but Toby, and—a— (*hesitates*) —Tom.

Tom (*ill-naturedly*). Honorable mention—after Toby! Many thanks.

Dick. What's up with Tom?

Miss L. (*with malice aforethought*). Nothing at all serious, I fancy.

Dick. (*laughing*). Nose out of joint? Poor Tommy! [*Both laugh.*

Tom (*in undertone to* Miss L.). Why didn't he break his neck instead of spraining a wrist? It's just as easy.

Dick. Who's talking?

Miss L. (*with sad mendacity*). Brown, the butler, in the breakfast room.

Tom (*severely*). Sapphira!

Dick. I'm coming down. You won't mind my room gown?

Miss L. No, I sha'n't; but I expect the Collett girls every minute, and you know what prudes they are.

Dick. Oh, hang the Colletts! I'll run back when they come.

Miss L. But you're so picturesque where you are! You see (*softly*), I like to look up to you.

Tom (*gloomily, striking his boot with his cropstick*). That means you look down on me, I suppose. Oh no; you are no fisher. Was it you or Izaak Walton wrote the *Complete Angler?* How Dick takes a bait!

Dick. How that butler talks! He must be wound up.

Miss L. (*to* Tom). You needn't wait if you don't choose.

Dick. Whom are you talking to?

Miss L. Toby. (*Then louder, to bull-terrier pup, to allay suspicion.*) Sweetheart! Little love!

Tom (*untruthfully*). I'm merely waiting to see the Colletts.

Miss L. They're not coming.

Tom. You just now said so.

Miss L. (*with contempt*). You really are becoming stupid.

Dick. What are you making, Kate—a fish-net?

Tom (*in grim satisfaction*). Poor boy, he's going over the old formula.

Miss L. I don't fish. What made you ask?

Dick. I saw it appeared to be a net, and as you were on the landing, I concluded it was a landing-net. See?

Miss L. You're as bright as Tom was.

Dick. You hardly mean that as a compliment, I presume.

Tom (*wrathfully*). A compliment! It's fulsome flattery. And that man up there my intimate friend!

Dick. Ha-ha! ha! I hear the butler still going on. He's more of a conversationalist than I supposed. I say, Kate, I think what's-his-name is getting very fond of—you know whom?

Miss L. How clear you are, Dicky!

Tom. Give that animal up there a thistle, and perhaps he'll keep quiet.

Dick. Oh, you know well enough. Tom's a good fellow, of course. Why don't you take him?

Miss L. (*unkindly*). Perhaps I don't want him. Oh yes, he's a good enough fellow, as you say. Good enough for some, perhaps, but—

Tom (*appealingly*). Now, Kate, don't be brutal.

Miss L. (*softening a little*). Yes, Tom's good enough for any one; but you see, Dicky, I am waiting for you—to grow up.

Tom. One on Dicky.

Dick (*with some chagrin*). You amuse me, mademoiselle. I hope you also amuse yourself?

Miss L. Oh yes. I—

Dick (*interrupting*). Kate, why do you always jest with me, and treat me so lightly?

Miss L. Do you expect me to take you *au sérieux?*

Dick. There you go again—always chaffing. You never take me the right way.

Tom. He should be well shaken before being taken. I'll do the shaking.

Miss L. Shall I do the taking?

Tom. For better or worse? Never.

Dick. Kate, I'm coming down.

Miss L. (*hurriedly*). Oh, don't! you are so picturesque up there, and in just a minute I'm coming up to bathe that poor wrist of yours. Does it pain very much?

Dick. Well, rather. Oh-h! [*Groans.*

Tom (*maliciously*). Ask how he did it.

Miss L. How did you do it, you poor boy?

Dick. It's no trick at all to do, but it's something awful when it's done. Oh! [*Groans loudly.*

Tom. I'll make you a wager.

Miss L. Yes, Dicky, in just a moment—let me wind up this worsted. (*To* Tom.) What about?

Tom. That Dick's wrist is as well as it ever was. He knew Kitty was lame; here you were to be in the house all the morning—put two and two together and make four.

Miss L. (*in a sweet, naïve manner*). Yes, but it only makes three of us.

Tom. Yes, unhappily.

Dick (*dismally*). "I am dying, Egypt, dying." Oh, Cleopatra—Katherine—come and take care of me!

Tom (*disgustedly*). Where's his nurse?

Dick (*suddenly*). Kate, you said Tom was somewhere about the place. Did you say why he wasn't with the hounds?

Miss L. He gave no reason.

Dick. I'm glad of that, for he had no reason. He merely wanted to stay and visit you. I see through him.

Miss L. So to stay and visit me was no reason. Thank you so much, Dick!

Tom (*seizing his opportunity*). That was my sole, my only reason, Kate. I call it an excellent one.

Miss L. You're improving.

Dick. You misunderstand what I mean, of course. It was, to be sure, the best of reasons.

Tom. Hark to the echo! (*Rising softly.*) Well, Kate, I must go; I—

Miss L. Don't go. Dick will hear you, too.

Tom (*kindly*). Dick be hanged! He'll catch his ears in a tree some day and hang himself—like Absalom.

Dick (*meditatively*). I call Tom something of a muff.

Miss L. Dick, you should be ashamed. Behind his back, too, and you and he such friends! You ought to hear (*with a sly look at* Tom) the pleasant things he says of you.

Tom (*guiltily*). Kate, you're worse than a conscience.

Dick (*relenting*). Does he? Well, it *is* low in me. I wonder if you would take my part against detractors as strongly as you take his?

Miss L. Ah! but, you see, Tom is like a brother to me.

Dick (*meaningly*). I wish he were your brother.

Miss L. (*innocently*). Why?

Dick. Then he could never be "still dearer yet than all other," as the poet says.

Miss L. Dick, really you are quite *bête*.

Dick. Whitebait! Oh, rapture! She's calling me pet names!

Miss L. Well, you are like whitebait now—you're out of season.

Tom (*laughing and choking*). One more on Dicky.

Dick. What's going wrong down there?

Miss L. Toby's swallowed a fly. (*To* Toby.) Poor 'ittle man!

Dick. Oh, how this wrist pains! Aren't you coming up? I believe you know how pretty you look down there.

Miss L. Of course I don't. Do I, really? How pretty do I look?

Tom (*with an eye to popularity*). Ask him something easier.

Miss L. (*to* Dick). Why don't you tell me?

Dick. I feel the restrictions of the English language. There are not words to express.

Miss L. How long that was coming—rather far-fetched! From Europe, was it? Was the customs duty heavy?

Dick. Yes. But the duty was all pleasure this time.

Miss L. Now that's better. You can be nice sometimes, Dicky.

Dick (*a little incoherently*). Sometimes! Always with you, Kate. At least I try to be. And I—I wish you would take me just a little more seriously, for you must know that I— Of course you know. Still, maybe you don't know.

Tom. Toss him another thistle; he's braying again.

Miss L. Don't be mean, Tom. (*To* Dick.) Your idea is beautifully clothed in language, Dick, but I fail to gather your meaning. *Encore, s'il vous plait.*

Dick (*half to himself*). I believe she does know. Of course she does. She's not blind.

Miss L. No, nor deaf, either. You shouldn't soliloquize so loud. What is it I know?

Dick (*decidedly*). I am coming down to tell you.

Miss L. Don't, Dick, now. You see it may be—it is, probably—complicated, and then— (*Looks at her watch, and starts up in great haste.*) Why, it's half past ten! Harry is due here now with the cart.

Dick. Harry! Well, upon my honor! [*Comes down the stairs.*

Tom (*in tone of infinite weariness*). Harry! You've no heart, no conscience, no discrimination. Harry!

Dick (*discovers* Tom). What, Tom, you here?

Tom. Yes; for the last half-hour.

Dick (*sitting down and laughing confusedly*). Well, please accept apologies at once. I—you see, I—a—

Tom. Never mind that. We may cry quits, I fancy.

Dick. Kate, I've no words for you. You are certainly a finished flirt:

"And all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Miss L. (*with a view to change of subject*). I know that quotation. It's Gay, I believe?

Dick. It's very sad; that's what it is. It's the sad, bitter truth.

Miss L. (*appealingly*). Tom, *you* don't believe it.

Tom (*severely*). Seeing is believing. Harry! Another case of *de gustibus non*.

Dick. And so we were mere weapons with which to kill time!

Miss L. (*with asperity*). Yes, and very dull ones too. Why, did you boys think I had nothing better to do all the morning than to banter and chaff up and down stairs with you? I was quietly employed here, and you came and disturbed me. Toby and I were happy and contented as we were. Now you pretend great surprise, and feel injured! (*Wheels heard.*) Ah! there is Harry! I'll run and tell him that I'll be there directly.

[*Runs down stairs towards great door.*

Dick (*holding out his hand*). Pardon me, old man, for calling you a muff.

Tom (*taking and shaking it*). Don't mention it. I felt the truth of it just now. Pardon me; I hinted that your ears were long and that you had asinine qualities.

Dick. I don't bear malice; I feel as if I could hee-haw, if I tried, at this moment.

Tom (*wrathfully*). Harry! I was right, I fancy, to accuse her of lack of discrimination.

Dick. You were never more so. I fancy I was nearly right, to say the least, when I called her a finished flirt.

Tom. Indeed you were. We were both right.

Dick. Yes; and now—well, now, to crack an old joke, "we're both left."

Tom. A most ingenious, beastly, unpleasant paradox. But what a flirt! And (*with wrath and admiration mingled*) how well she does it!

Dick. Flirt! Why, she'd flirt with the Pope—with any one!

Tom. Yes, with Tom, Dick, or Harry.

CURTAIN.

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF.

BY CHAR. MOLYNEUX HOLLOWAY.

Two sad rogues in every sense of the word were Jack Dingley and Matthew Kingsford. They had come along—one day begging, the next stealing—from Boston way, until they had reached New London. They had done this partly because they were of a roving, vagabondish nature, and partly because they had been filled with large tales by a brother knight of leisure, who had told them that New London, with all the stir and activity incident to a naval port, was the haven of all others for the craft willing to ride at anchor in pleasant waters. The towns-people were open and prodigal, the privateersmen were continually bringing in prizes, Spanish doubloons and English coin were common, and to eyes seldom gladdened by sight of even the wofully depreciated Continental money these were alluring visions.

But the precious pair had been two days within the town, and Spanish doubloons and English sovereigns were visions still, and their interior departments sadly craved the need of other filling than that afforded by the imagination.

The innkeepers of New London were a jolly set, but the scarcity of paying custom and the high price of provisions made them less generous to the wayfarer than in the ante-Revolutionary days. The companions had been given a good breakfast at Fink's, with the relish that it was their first and last. Indeed, since they came to the town they had met with the worst of fortune. A gentleman who had shared their first night in a hay-mow had risen early, and, like the early bird, had pointed out to them a moral, for he had disappeared with the small bag containing all their personal estate, which, with beautiful faith, they held in common.

Futilely seeking him, they had strolled over the town, marking, with the observation of long practice, such places as they deemed worthy of an unceremonious call in the night. Truly New London was a dull town, and its pickings would be poor. How they would like to catch the impostor who had represented it as a theatre of never-ending amusement and the disbursing-place of money!

They had reached the end of the main street, and come upon the busy chief square or parade, now partly filled by a mob of women and children, listening with bated breath to the loud harangue of a recruiting sergeant. A door or two beyond him were two or three old men silently reading a notice just posted.

The two crossed over, and laboriously spelled out:

"The new and swift-sailing privateer Brigantine *Le Marquis de la Fayette*, mounting Sixteen six-pound Cannon, with Swivels and Small Arms Compleat, will sail on a Cruise against the enemies of these United States in eight days from the Date hereof at farthest. All Gentlemen Seamen and able-bodied Landsmen who are desirous of making their Fortune, an Opportunity now Presents by applying on Board said Brig when they will Meet with Good Encouragement.

"PETER RICHARDS.

"NEW LONDON, *August* 7, 1778."

"My eyes! but we are a pair sorely needing good encouragement, aren't we?" said Jack Dingley, with a grin. "Let us seek out old Peter, and get some of his. It is a long time since any one gave us aught. I trust it will not hurt our consciences to pocket Peter's pence—ha! ha!"

"But I don't see any sense in getting under the rule of some old sea tyrant," grumbled Kingsford. "We can find somewhat more to our taste by staying on land."

"Keep your mouth shut," commanded Dingley; "all you have to do is to follow me. Only say 'ay, ay,' and 'nay, nay.'"

Dingley easily led the other, but, nevertheless, Kingsford grumbled to himself as he followed his leader, who set forward at a brisk trot for the *Marquis de la Fayette*. It was easy enough to get speech with that energetic personage Peter Richards, who, after a keen glance at their sturdy well-knit frames and the youthful faces as yet unlimned by vice's lines, said:

"Well, my lads, though this is a time when men are scarce, that notice, posted at sun-up, has brought me all but two of the needed complement, so that if I engage you, I shall sail with the favoring tide. Pass through, and you will come to the *Marky* at the wharf."

Dingley had a round, innocent face. He saw that the old sailor was a jolly-hearted fellow, already prepossessed in their favor, and he said, hesitatingly:

"If you please, captain, my friend and myself owe a bit which we should like to pay. It is for four days' lodging, and I doubt if the good woman, whose children are at the war, could afford to lose it, nor would we like to go upon a long voyage, filled with uncertainties of life and death, and perchance have this entered against our chances of eternal salvation."

"No, indeed; that we wouldn't," broke in Kingsford. "I would rather not go than cheat a poor woman."

This decided the captain, who had been hesitating whether or not to give them any money. The earnest-money, as it was called, since the numerous desertions, had been withheld until the enlisted were aboard ship. But these two seemed really honest.

"What is the woman's name?" he queried, with great caution. "I will send to her, and discharge your indebtedness."

"She is Mistress Temperance Brewster," returned Dingley, remembering a name he had seen upon a sign; "and if you would be so kind, ask the messenger to gather up our small belongings, which he will discover in a narrow passageway to the right of the stairs—"

"Better go yourself," interrupted Captain Richards, convinced they were honest lads, "and be back right speedily. There is grand work to be done, and we want to be in at the doing. Here, I suppose you are the purse-bearer, Jack? But we will soon cure you of bashfulness, Matthew? Does that cover her reckoning?"

With profuse thanks, Dingley took the money, and the two rogues hurried away.

It may be taken for a surety they soon put a goodly distance between them and Captain Peter Richards.

"Perhaps he will smell a rat and start after us," said Kingsford, after he had complimented his chum upon his superior cunning.

"Huh! we will be well along to Norwich before he thinks of us again, and he's got to go to-night."

"Then what's the use of going as if witches were behind? Can't we buy a bite and eat it in the woods, and to-morrow night see what we can loot in the town?"

"For once you have a sensible idea," commented Jack, whose appetite had grown fiercer now he had the means of satisfying it at hand.

They had not been five minutes gone when Captain Peter Richards, elated at the success which augured well for his cruise, bethought himself he could afford to lay in a private store of the famous old Huguenot's tobacco. He started forth, and whom should he meet at the corner of Widow's Row but Mistress Temperance Brewster.

"Hold on a minute, Mistress Brewster," said he; "it would be more to your advantage to be within your house."

Mistress Brewster regarded him with total vanishment of her smile. "Thank you, kindly, Peter Richards," said she, stiffly; "but I am the fitting judge of my outgoings and incomings."

"That may be," quoth he "but at the present moment it would be shillings in your pocket to be at home. Two of your lodgers, honest lads, have enlisted with me, and but now returned to your dwelling to settle their score. So retrace your steps, for you have no time to spare to catch them there."

Mistress Temperance viewed the captain amazedly, then a light broke over her, and she laughed.

"Indeed, Captain Peter," said she, "it is you who are sorely in need of good advice. I trust no butter-mouthed rogue wheedled a shilling from your pocket, but I fear me otherwise. I haven't had a lodger these two months, for I have been taking care of Jonathan Roger's wife's cousin's first husband's son, who has had—"

"Do you mean to say, Mistress Brewster, that those lads were rogues?"

"That is for you to find out, Captain Richards. I have been, as I told you, with Jonathan Roger's wife's cousin's first husband's son. Dear, dear! What do you mean by swearing so? Don't you know you are using the language of sin?"

"Don't you know how rascally I have been taken in?" roared the captain, in his loudest and deepest sea tones. "It's not only the loss of my money, but the men, when I was calculating on an advantageous start? And you stand there prating—"

"I prating, Captain Richards," said Mistress Brewster, highly offended. "Let not your beastly temper ride you to destruction. You stop me on my road, and vilely abuse me."

"I abuse you, Mistress Brewster. I declare—"

"Whist! whist!" said a calm sonorous voice, and the captain turning, saw a man of majestic presence and commanding countenance standing by his side. "Take no rash declarations, Captain Peter. I was across the street, when the sound of your loud voices brought me hither. Even if Mistress Temperance will have none of your suit, 'tis no excuse for your browbeating her, Peter."

"La, la!" simpered the widow; but Captain Peter closed his lips after a quizzical glance at the smiling eyes of the speaker, and Mistress Brewster, suddenly checking her giggle, said: "Captain Richards, if any man can help you, 'tis Sheriff Joshua Hempstead;" and with a sweeping courtesy she hastened on her way.

"What troubles you?" queried the sheriff.

He listened while the captain related his brief tale of woe, and said:

"Indeed I will do my best to help you. It has come to be too frequent a practice for rogues to desert, and I fancy its nipping in the bud will be a service to the country. I'll engage to bring them back to you by to-morrow's sunrise."

The sheriff walked home with the long stately step so becoming to his immense size. Many he met turned to look after him, and whisper some tale of his marvellous exploits to a companion. He was soon in his family circle, and, in answer to a question, said:

"You women need expect to see me tomorrow noon. I have two thieves to capture. Sambo, tell the Deputy to be ready in a quarter of an hour."

"I pray you, Joshua, be not over-confident in your own strength," said the lady of the house, gently. "You are over-given to rashness. Two men have four arms with which to harass, and a pair of curs can sorely worry a mastiff."

For answer the giant sheriff bent, and kissed her, and with a slow tender smile strode out, never looking back; for the Puritans, though scorning superstition, yet firmly believed that every backward look took two steps from forward progress. Before the door was the Deputy patiently awaiting his coming.

"Well, Deputy," said the sheriff, "you did not expect to be routed out; but you will not mind it, will you, boy?"

For answer the Deputy rubbed his head against his master, who carefully examined every bit of his harness. The big black horse, rechristened Deputy from his many exploits in aid of his master, was well known in New England, and had a firm hold upon the affections of New London. Had he not brought to New London the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, performing the journey in a day and part of a night, and bursting into the town with quivering nostrils and panting sides, while his heart throbbed in unison with the excited patriots? It was a common saying that he knew a Tory on the crest of a mile-off hill.

Certainly the sheriff seemed to have great faith in him, for as the horse caressed him he said, rubbing him on the nose: "We have a pretty long ride before us, Deputy. You see, there is a pair of rogues to be taken before dawn, and returned to serve the country. You and I have that to do."

Deputy gave a long whinny and thrust his nose against the sheriff's cheek, whereupon Hempstead, with another caress, stood for a moment with his arm about his neck, then swung his huge bulk into the saddle, and the two friends set off at a slow, stately pace, for the sheriff lacked not that pride of office which bade him impress his townsmen with due regard for his dignity.

He made his way along the route he judged the fugitives might have followed, and without actually inquiring soon had a tolerable idea of their aim. Ere the night was a quarter advanced, he was well on his way to Norwich. He reckoned that they would be likely to stop at the taverns on the road and treat themselves.

It was a beautiful night. The full moon in a cloudless sky sent its soft light into the innermost lanes of the narrow passage-like highway, making little dells of radiance all the brighter from the dense shadow caused by the overhanging elms. The sheriff had passed the outermost house standing like a sentinel at the foot of the hill. He glanced a little wistfully at the uncurtained window, blazing with light and showing the whirling forms of young people.

"Ah, well, 'tis women with women, these days," he said. "There's many a youth fighting with great Washington whose sweetheart tries to keep lightness in her heart by the nimbleness of her feet. How it would pleasure one of the absent to catch even a fleeting glimpse of these pretty figures. Well, Joshua, a truce to thoughts of young folks' gayety. What is the outcome of our latest battle, I wonder? Deputy, were you and I less heavy, what a pair we would make for the United States. But we will do our best, eh, boy?"

Deputy gave an affirmative reply; and the sheriff, taking off his hat, let the cool fragrance-laden air play about his massive head while his memory went astraying to the days of his youth when he had been up at daybreak to secure the first wild roses; and up from the deep shadows of the ravines at the sides rose the faces of his comrades; and the dull brooding silence was broken by merry jest and laugh or the softer tones of tenderness, sending a surge of passionate sorrow to his heart.

Deputy, too, as though cognizant of his master's thoughts, stepped more lightly, and turned at length of his own accord into Horton's door-yard, and stopped at the door. Hempstead started, and replaced his hat, just as the master, shutting up for the brief night, came forward.

"Well, friend Horton," in his heartiest chest tones, "how fares life with you?"

"Well, however it goes, Mr. Hempstead, I am prepared to make the best of it. It's not for a man who has a comfortable home, a respected calling, and a hope of salvation to find fault. There's mighty bad times for the brave hearts fighting for independence, but I guess they have seen the worst, don't you? But I must say, there is a deal of discouragement in the tidings, ain't there?"

"The Lord protects His own," returned Hempstead. "Oftentimes, as we do read in Holy Writ, He doth send them trials that their triumphs may be the greater. But have you seen aught of two specious sturdily built youths whom Isham Gurdon took into his cart for a lift this way?" and he briefly described them.

"Have I? But they were alone, and left here scarcely two hours ago, with a goodly load of my provisions, solid and liquid. Have a stirrup-cup, Joshua?"

"No; thank you kindly. Good-night."

The sheriff and Deputy were in the road ere Horton was conscious he was alone.

Work was really begun, and the pair moved briskly along, sending sharp glances to the right and left. The sheriff felt of the pistols in his holster, and then turned into a by-path, reasoning that the young rascals, sure of escape, would not hurry themselves. His familiarity with the hiding-places of refugees served him well. He had not proceeded an hour's length when he descried through the interstices the steady gleam of a fire.

"Now, Deputy," he whispered, "tread lightly as a maiden."

Deputy pricked up his ears, and steadily and swiftly the twain advanced toward the quarry, but a half-dozen yards. Already Hempstead was preparing to leap from his saddle, and his hand was clutching the short stick, one blow from which he had found sufficient to prostrate the toughest knave, when Deputy trod upon a little stick, and at the sound the half-recumbent figures started up.

The sheriff urged forward Deputy, who cleared the intervening space in a bound.

"Surrender in the name of the Continental Congress!" shouted Hempstead, with levelled pistol.

But ducking his head and wriggling like a worm, Dingley rushed directly toward and past him, and Kingsford plunged into the undergrowth behind him. Hempstead rushed after him, through tangled thickets, up and down hills, headlong through hollows, over brooks, always within a few yards, and guided by the crashing footsteps—a rough race for a man heavy in weight and past his boyhood; but Hempstead's endurance was marvellous, and at length his heavy hand closed, like a vise, on the shoulder of the prostrate panting fugitive.

In a trice he had bound him and shook him to his feet, ordering him, not over-gently, to walk before him.

"I always heard the hand of the law was heavy, but I thought its pace was slow," said the ready-witted rogue. "I beseech, Mr. Giant, that you have mercy. Remember it is a hot night, and I am somewhat fatigued."

"I know it right well," rejoined the sheriff, with grim humor; "but I have to consider my own muscles as well as your feelings. Move as briskly as you can, for I would not long separate you from your companion."

"Oh, as for that, sir, do not hurry. He is the head, while I am but the feet. Do not fancy he is waiting for you to manacle him. Neither is he a Damon who cannot grow fat without his Pythias."

"Pity your learning taught you not honesty was the best policy," said Hempstead, himself a classical scholar. All the time he was urging the laggard forward, and keeping a keen lookout whenever a parting of the branches vouchsafed the moonlight for some token that he was traversing the right way. When he thought he must be in hearing distance of Deputy, he gave a view-halloo. This usually elicited a reply, but no neigh was brought to his anxious ears. "It is strange," he thought, uneasily, but a scrutiny of the trampled way, and the sight of the third brook over which they had passed convinced him he was right.

He gave another yell, and to his intense joy heard a queer smothered sound. "What is the matter?" he said, involuntarily, and dragging Kingsford forward, he gave a mighty bound into the little clearing. The fire started by the rogues was blazing brightly, and by its brilliant light he saw Deputy, and learned why his "voice" was so queerly muffled.

Standing near the centre was the big black horse, holding in his mouth, by the back of his clothes, Dingley, whose legs and arms were descrying circles in the air, while his captor, with heroic stoicism, awaited the coming of his chief.

The sheriff was not surprised. Often before the Deputy had given him material aid in capturing malefactors, once jumping down a ravine, and pinning a fleeing rascal with his forefeet to the ground, yet so gently the rogue was unharmed. This, however, was the first time he had chased, captured, and held unaided a criminal.

The sheriff fastened Kingsford securely to the crupper, all the while the kicking, struggling Dingley was firmly held by his captor.

"Yes, yes, Deputy," said he, "I am hurrying. I know your neck must ache. Now, then, dear boy."

He released Jack, and in a twinkling had him hard and taut on the pommel, while Deputy worked his head backward and forward, and gave a series of delighted ejaculations, to which the sheriff replied, sending a cold shiver through the two culprits, who were sure the sheriff and his companion were an uncanny pair.

But on the long ride back the big man gave them such a kind fatherly talking, and set before them so plainly and earnestly the enormity and meanness of their transgressions that real penitence touched their hearts, and in the end they promised to serve Captain Peter well.

The sun was glinting the water with gold when the sheriff and the Deputy halted at Captain Richards's door, and in answer to his sharp pommelling the captain appeared, and stared amazedly at the pair whom Hempstead had set upon their feet, after joining their wrists by a cord.

"Here, Peter," said the sheriff, "is a brace of geese for you. I have performed a transformation. Treat these two honest seamen well. Good voyage to you."

"But come in, and—"

"Not I," quoth the sheriff, "the Deputy is hungering for his breakfast. He has had but one mouthful since yester-noon, and though it was filling, it did not stanch his stomach—hey, Jack?"

The capture of the rogues by Joshua Hempstead's horse is an actual fact attested by the traditions of New London.

THE OLD TENOR.

A MONOLOGUE.

DID you say the singing was only fair?
Sir, if the chance was given me
To change from him on the stage up there
Straight to an angels' symphony—

Well, it might stagger my poor old brain,
But I think, on the whole, I back should come
To hear these worn sweet notes again,
And see yon form that is cumbersome.

The why of it all? It fell, my friend,
A matter of fifteen years ago.
A certain man was nigh his end,
Lying wracked in a fever glow,

And a fine young star, in his flush of fame,
Stept to his bedside, took his hand,
And tried to waken life's spent flame
By singing songs of the lovely land.

God, how he sang! till the sick man turned
His face from the wall, and took deep breath,
And said, as his eyes with new light yearned,
That life ran sweeter far than death

If one might hearken to strains like this;
And he swore he would live in death's despite.
Then sleep dropt down on him like a kiss,
And he woke with his blood all cool and right.

Perhaps you can fancy who was the man,
And who is the singer there on the stage,
And why I listen and sob, and can
But love his faults and his hints of age.

Some folks will say, when they pay their coin,
The perfectest singer is their choice,
Where youth and art and genius join;
But I like a *man* behind the voice!

RICHARD BURTON.

DEARBORN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

THE NEW GERMAN OPERA-HOUSE.

HIGH BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

BY M. A. LANE.

THE builders of Babel built well. Tradition relates that it was only a confusion of tongues that checked their aspiration. There can be no doubt that the foundations of the celebrated tower that was designed by its architect to reach "heaven" were of the broadest and heaviest sort; let us say vast walls of the most solid granite, bound and knit together by that most excellent insoluble cement that is one of the lost arts to modern constructionists. Yet if latter-day engineers be not hopelessly in error with concern to the conclusions they have drawn as respects ancient masonry from the ruins of ancient structures, ancient builders counted only on the law of gravitation, which they knew in an empiric way, for the safety of the works they wrought. The projector of the Nag-on-Wat, whose walls and roof might have sheltered a St. Peter's and a St. Paul's and still have had room for a building like the Equitable in Broadway within its vast enclosures, would never dream of setting his masons to begin the laying of his walls say at about fifty feet from the ground.

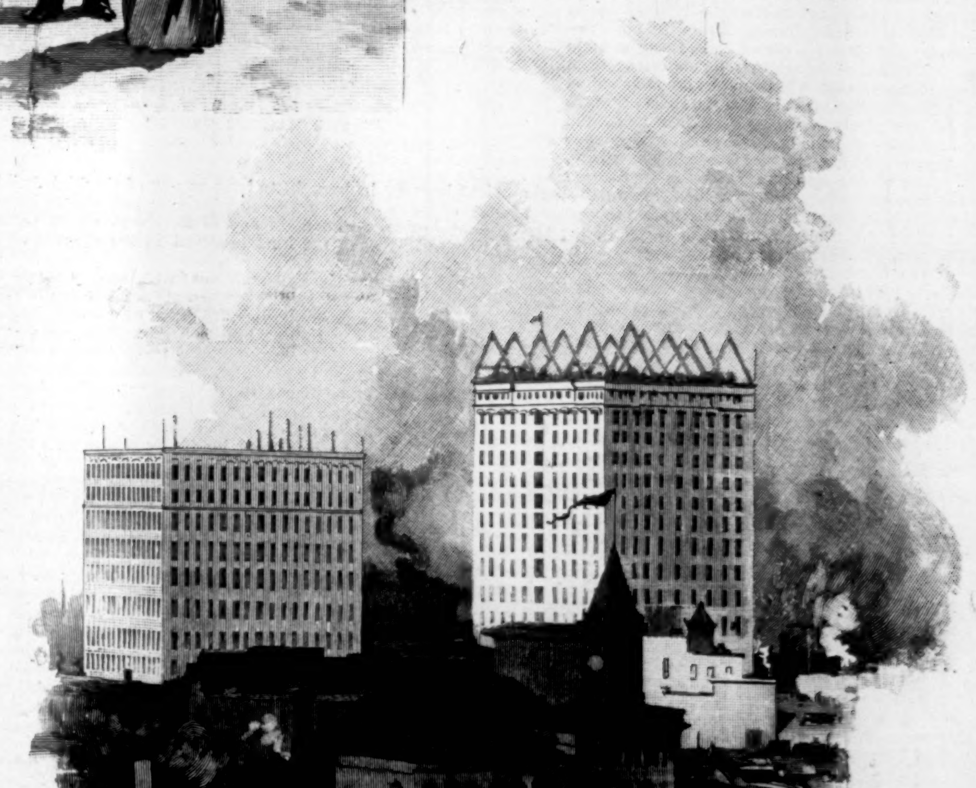
For the sake of the story, fancy to yourself this ancient and respectable Asiatic suddenly dropped into that busy thoroughfare of the modern Babel (Chicago) which is called Dearborn Street. Before his very eyes he would see a style of so called architecture that would be calculated first to occasion surprise in his well-ordered and stable mind, and second to fill his artistic and aspirant soul with unutterable disgust. He would see, piercing into the very clouds, pile after pile of perpendicular steel columns crossed with light "I" beams. For a substructure he would behold apparently nothing; foundations, if any, completely hidden; from an unknown and (to him) unknowable base arise a few thin scantlings; above these, a few more thin scantlings; and above these, a few dozen masons perched on temporary scaffoldings, hard at work with trowel and mortar, building—what should in all decency be massive walls with solid earth for home—the lowest walls of a structure whose top reduces the size of a man to that of a boy.

We might expect the Asiatic aforesaid, after his first surprise, to leisurely and placidly contemplate his modern *confrères*, and then to turn away with the remark: "Architecture? This is not architecture; it is engineering." Wherein the designer of the Nag-on-Wat would be eminently and superlatively correct.

Will the city of Chicago and her people gain anything in the end by their new system of lofty buildings? This question has been one of controversy among the architects and real-estate men, and opinions are about evenly divided. There can be no question as to the immediate benefit, and the argument must look into the future.

"If this building were on an open plain, it would completely resist an earthquake or a cyclone," said Mr. W. L. B. Jenney to me in his office, on the eleventh story of the Home Insurance building. You will appreciate the force of his remark when you learn the details of what is now known as the "Chicago construction method."

It has been within the past few years that architects began to apply the methods of bridge construction to habitable houses. And now almost every new structure designed for the purposes of city business (at least in Chicago) is designed after this fashion. Twenty years ago there was not in the world a large and imposing structure built of nothing but steel and terra-cotta or brick. The fire-proof building was a



The Unity Building. The Masonic Temple.

HIGH BUILDINGS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION IN CHICAGO AS VIEWED FROM THE "ROOKERY."

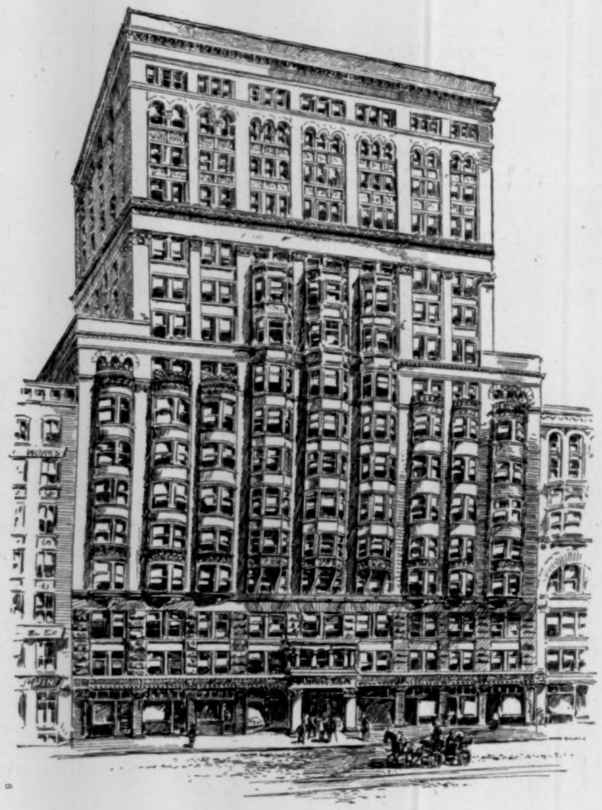
rarity, and the loftiness that is now considered a matter-of-fact affair was biblically bold. The material used in the fire-proof house was either brick arches or solid cement concrete, and this stuff was of such excessive weight as to render it necessary to confine the structure to a hundred feet or so above the foundation. It is true that there were a few high buildings, but their walls were very thick, the light in them very poor, and the cost of construction out of all proportion to the income from the investment.

The first improvement came with the invention of the hollow fire-clay floor arch tile. This invention gave to the builders a material that made their structure perfectly fire-proof, that enabled them to build at a much reduced cost, and that permitted of almost indefinite height, because of its lightness when compared with the old brick arch and concrete method. The first of the tall buildings to be erected in Chicago after this invention was the Home Insurance building that was designed by Mr. Jenney. This was in 1884, and the structure was then only ten stories high. It has recently been elevated to twelve stories, and the upper floors are better, if anything, than the older ones.

Soon after the invention of the hollow tile came the idea of applying the steel bridge construction to houses, and thereafter all new buildings were made on this plan. The method is simple and comparatively cheap, and involves an entire revolution in the manner of building, in the preparations of plans, in the nature of the specifications, in the trades and manufactures called upon for the work, in the superintendency of the construction, in the laying of the foundations, in the expense to the owner, and in the advantages to be had when the work is finished. With all this, the external appearance of the building may be made to counterfeit any of its more solid, less stable, less safe, and more expensive and massive neighbors. The only difference will be in its great loftiness, and it is in this particular that the beauties of the new school are seen.

Beginning with the beginning, the ground is cleared, and then the foundations are laid. These are in no respect similar to those of the regular style. In the first place, very little rock is used. The foundations are not laid in walls, but in piers. Each pier is separate from and independent of all the other piers, and only bears its own portion of the stress. The materials used in the piers are always the same as the method of construction. They are formed invariably of layers of steel rails and beams reposing on thick beds of concrete. The object attained in making each foundation pier independent of all the others is that the inequalities in settlement are met and anticipated. From the piers rise simply columns of steel, on whose ends, forming main joists, rest "I" beams of the same strong material. Then the horizontal spaces that will form the floors are filled in with the fire-proof tiles, as are also the spaces that are designed for the partition walls. At their tangential points the columns and the beams are practically made one with unition by hot rivets. The steel structure, or the skeleton of the building, from the foundation piers to the very top may be entirely finished before a single brick or tile is laid. And it is possible under this system to first complete the skeleton, and then begin to lay the outer walls in brick, beginning at the sixteenth story and finishing at the basement—the very reverse of all preconceived ideas. The inference that every builder will draw (and properly) from this statement is that the walls on every story are purely independent of the walls on all other stories. Every tier of columns and beams supports its own walls.

THE MASONIC TEMPLE.



THE MANHATTAN BUILDING.

It has been asked, Is it not possible for these high buildings to fall down; for the lateral pressure of the winds to induce a bulge, and for the entire structure to tumble into its own cellar? An examination of the actual method of construction will answer the question. The Manhattan building would not stand five minutes were it dependent on its thin walls for support. Indeed such a structure as that could not well be erected with walls less than five or six feet thick; whereas the Manhattan's walls are not much thicker than those of a two-story flat building. Could sufficient leverage be brought to bear on any of the high buildings of Chicago it could be toppled over into the street no doubt, but no occupant of any of its rooms would be injured further than the hurt involved in the dipping of a ship at sea.

Mr. Jenney was the first architect in Chicago to complete a sixteen-story steel building, and the Manhattan, the pioneer, will, in its general principles, serve as a model for future construction. In this building, lying between party-walls eight stories high at the north and the south, and on which little or no additional weight could be placed, the cantilever principle was employed. The floor weights of the north and south wings of the building for nine stories in height are carried by heavy fifteen-inch cantilever beams, the first row of columns at either end of the structure being fifteen feet from the party-walls, with no weights resting on the walls. The two fronts of the building are faced with gray granite to the fifth story, and with light pressed brick and terra-cotta from the fifth to the sixteenth story. Above the tenth floor the building sets back fifteen feet from the north and south ends, and the end walls are built in glazed building tile. The space in the basement is devoted to the elevator, heating, and lighting machinery. The main entrance and the corridors are handsomely finished in marble and mosaics. Five rapidly running elevators furnish easy access to the highest floor, and the stories are divided into suites of office rooms.

The highest building in Chicago at present (and one which is not built on the new Chicago construction system) is the Auditorium. Its loftiest point is 296 feet above the sidewalk. The Fair building, now almost completed in one section measures 241 feet to the coping, and it is possible that it will be carried higher—to sixteen or eighteen stories. The new Masonic Temple will measure, over all, 274 feet. This is constructed entirely on the new system. The Ashland Block measures 210 feet to the coping; the Woman's Temple, whose topmost stories are now being finished, towers 266 feet from the ground; the Manhattan, 198 feet; the Monadnock, 194; the Henning and Speed block, 192: the Abstract building, 190; the Chamber of Commerce block, 180; the Home Insurance, 178; the Tacoma, 175; the Northern Hotel, 174; the Rookery, 164; the Owings block, 161; the Rand-McNally, 148; the Chicago Opera-house, 135; and the L. Z. Leiter building, 133 feet.

Of the giant buildings now under construction, the Unity building will be, when finished, the most imposing. The plans were made by Clinton J. Warren, and the lofty house will be sixteen stories high, and of thorough steel and fire-proof construction. It covers a site of 80 x 120 feet. The main entrance is 16 feet wide and 24 feet high. The front is faced with buff brick and terra-cotta, and is plain above the eleventh story. Three bays will be extended up through the front from the second to the eleventh story. This building will contain 600 offices, exclusive of the bank suites that will occupy the first story.

The Chicago real-estate trustees are at work now upon a twelve-story structure which is of the steel construction order. Its windows are long, and the stories will be therefore larger than the majority of the high buildings. The height is 185 feet from the sidewalk.

Last winter the architects of the Auditorium, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan, were intrusted with the task of drawing plans for a work similar to their masterpiece, but of smaller extent. This venture will be the home of the wealthy Germans of Chicago. The structure covers an area of 80 × 181 feet; it is to be fourteen stories high, thoroughly fire-proof, and will cost the Germans $600,000.

In strong distinction to the usual Chicago construction method stands the high Monadnock block in Dearborn Street, opposite the Federal building. This structure is fourteen stories high, is built of dull red brick, without any attempt at ornamentation, and but for its windows resembles a monolith piercing straight into the sky, and without the relief and beauty of the pyramidal form. The Monadnock is the property of the Brooks estate, of Boston, whose heirs desired Burnham & Root to erect an office building that would be as high as its neighbors without the use of the new-fangled steel system. The walls are five feet thick, and its windows are very deeply recessed therefore, but there can be no question as to its loftiness.

It is estimated that every week brings forth a plan for a new high building in Chicago. The old ones are being demolished rapidly, and almost as rapidly do the steel beams rise on their sites. The cumulative result must be that in a few years the entire "down-town" portion of the city will be one mass of these immense towering blocks. It is a fact that the city is laid out on a prairie of seemingly unlimited extent, but of all its space, it is argued that there remains but one square mile which the so-called business interests can utilize for their homes. Of this limited space much is consumed by railway stations and tracks, and into the rest must be crowded all the principal theatres, hotels, retail houses, public buildings, and business blocks. With this condition of affairs, it is clearly manifest that the lofty building will force itself on every available inch of land. For, once that one of these structures is erected the land adjacent, covered only with low old-fashioned structures, suffers by increased valuation, and owners must meet the advance in self-defence. The argument of injustice to capital in any law limiting the height at present seems sound, and none is likely to be passed. It is therefore certain that the "system" will go on asserting itself. An able Chicago architect takes it upon himself to say that there is really no limit to the height to which the steel method can be carried—that is to say, limit in point of stability, and by stability is meant the word as used in its scientific importance. No doubt the limit will be reached when the soil refuses to bear further weight, but this limit is far from being reached soon. It is therefore quite logical to look forward to the time when the houses in the district indicated above will be carried upward to a point from which we now shrink. Then, as the reaction comes, it will be found that the only inhabitable portions of the structures will be the topmost floors, and that the lower portions, as well as the streets below, will be shrouded in darkness, and made unhealthful by poor ventilation.

But although the builders of the modern Babel laugh at these fears as chimerical, the lay observer is struck with their propriety when he stands in the street between two towers of steel and terra-cotta, and gazes upward at the thin strip of light that he sees at the top, and which his reason tells him should be the blue sky instead of something that more nearly resembles a crack in a plank fence. Yet in justice to the subject it should be said that the prevention of this system of building would go far to seriously embarrass the business of Chicago until such time as the shipping other than barges is forced to leave the river, and fixed bridges are built at each street crossing the stream, and until the railroad stations are forced southward, giving up some of the property to the general business of the city.

The people of Paris were long ago confronted with this same question, although the prospects for such general loftiness was never feared as much as in Chicago. The tendency in high buildings there ran to apartment-houses rather than business blocks, and in some of the narrower streets absolute darkness was threatened. A law was passed limiting the height of houses to a reasonable distance from the street. Each story thereafter was set back, and the building

(*Continued on page 856.*)

THE UNITY BUILDING.

AMATEUR SPORT

There is a ray of light at last seen glimmering through the darkness which has hung over Jarvis field for the past three weeks. It flares up bravely now and again when Mason, Newell, and Hallowell play foot-ball, and steady up the line, but fades rapidly away when Shea makes a clumsy attempt to get through the opposing line. However, the little light, even if it does disappear occasionally, is very encouraging to Mr. George Adams, who is devoting his time and jeopardizing the amiability of his disposition in coaching the men daily. Although the playing of Harvard is to-day the worst of the three large elevens, as I stand on the side lines at Jarvis I see so much excellent material that if a very strong eleven is not developed, it will be a shameful waste of opportunity. And yet there is not a day to spare if Harvard hopes to meet Yale on even footing. There are only three short weeks remaining before the Springfield games, and every day of the time must show by improvement. There yet remains something of the general panic which appears to take possession of the line immediately the ball is put in play; there is that same uncertainty of what to do once the men have gotten through the line. It is not enough for a rusher to get through the opposing line; he must have a clear idea of the business in hand up to the very moment the ball is downed and the teams line up again.

There is no excuse at this late day for such confusion in the line, and I can't see why both Harvard and Princeton do not profit by the example Yale sets in that particular. It does not require men of transcendent brilliancy to keep their wits about them. The trouble is they are not started in properly. The player's particular business on the field is not sufficiently impressed upon him and drilled into him by continual coaching; nine out of ten appear to interpret following the ball to be a sort of follow-the-leader game, and amble over the field after it with the full sense of a righteous duty performed so long as they are moving in its direction. Again, if having gotten through the opposing line and in pursuit of a runner with the ball, the instant they are blocked they quit as though they had rung up their credit on the marker, and filled the requirements of their position. They remind me of the "squat" tag of our infantile days. How absurd it is that the captains and coaches do not realize the necessity of ding-donging this into the ears of their men until they have mastered it! I am not referring to Harvard alone, but to Princeton as well, for they are both in the same box.

They do these things better at New Haven. Whatever other short-comings a player may have, he is generally made to understand at Yale that his business is to follow the ball, and to keep on going until he himself is downed. It's not such a very difficult thing to get men to appreciate, if you go at them in the proper way. What is the earthly use in getting through a line, if only to gambol harmlessly about afterwards? Both Captain Trafford, of Harvard, and Captain Warren, of Princeton, must lay down the law on this point to their men in unmistakable language. The men must be made to understand that once having gotten through the opposing line, it is the business of every one of them to reach the runner, and not trot after him, each thinking the other will get him. The same criticism is to be made when guarding one of their own runners. One or two are left to do what double the number should. It almost seems like going back to one's A B C's to find such criticism necessary; and yet these are the very A B C's that both Harvard and Princeton are to-day sadly in need of learning.

Notwithstanding Shea's clumsiness, it begins to look as though when that and other crudities incidental to inexperience have worn off, he will not make so bad a centre, after all. John Cranston, Harvard's old centre, has taken him in hand, and that means a lot. If there is anything in him, John will develop it. Shea has plenty of beef and is willing, which is considerable. He is slow in putting the ball in play, but steady, and he has done some clever line-breaking. Rantoul's spirit was willing, but the flesh weak, and he has joined the second eleven. It is too bad he is not heavier, for he has the right disposition. Mackie is the man who is just now keeping Trafford awake nights wondering if he will make up that "condition." He is a big strapping fellow, and has given considerable promise of becoming a guard who will keep Yale's giant Heffelfinger busy. If Mackie does play in the big game, it will certainly be a battle royal between the two. If all goes well, Mackie, Shea, and Vail should make a very formidable centre.

Hallowell and Newell, for veterans, have been playing pretty poor ball, but are beginning now to warm up to their work. Mason is doing well at left end, but he must be cautioned against and broken of losing sight of the game in sparring, otherwise he is likely to be disqualified at Springfield, and the loss of so good an end would prove disastrous to the crimson. Dan Shea, Emmons, and Fitzhugh are candidates for left tackle. The first has been and is laid up. Emmons is making a strong bid. That reminds me that no one has anything to say of Upton, who has been very sick, but it would not surprise me to see him turn up later. Gage has distanced his rivals for quarter, and is practically sure of the position. He is the one man who has been following the ball closely and always. Lake and Corbett have both been playing strong games, though the former fumbles a great deal more than is necessary. Trafford is doing some great kicking, and, unless I am much mistaken, he will send Yale's heart into her throat more than once during the Springfield game. To sum up a criticism of the team, the men tackle poorly, miserably, and if Trafford is wise, he will secure Mr. Lathrop's able assistance in this particular immediately. The lesson of two years ago should be borne in mind. They get through the line fairly well, but are slow in reaching the runner, and too easily blocked. There is little or no team-work, and without it they will be like chaff before the wind against Yale. The men need individual coaching badly, and the sooner they get it the better. Remember they will have superb interference to contend against at Springfield, and unless well drilled in reaching the runner, Harvard's name will be—well, not what it was last year.

The daily newspapers declared Princeton's game on Saturday against the team of the New York Athletic Club to have been a fine exhibition of foot-ball; but it wasn't. If I were Captain Warren, I would put a substitute in my place for a couple of days, and devote my time to carefully studying the play of my men, and noting wherein they are deficient. It seems to me that a captain could spend a day occasionally watching and coaching with excellent results to himself and the men. I watched McClung last week at New Haven (he is laid up with an injured hand, and spends his time on the field during practice), and his coaching seemed to me to be more heeded by the men than that of either Walter Camp, Knapp, or Bull, all of whom were at hand. Men in the excitement of play require quick decisive commands. The captain, watching closely, sees where his men fail, and prompting on the instant is better than all the talk in the kingdom after the game or on lining up, generally the lecture-time for coaches. If the captain spots a player not adding his weight in shoving a man through the line, or not following the ball, he can and will coach him then and there. Of course the coach may also, but he is not generally so interested in the work as is the captain.

Captain Warren would see, if he became a spectator, that while his men get through the line fairly well, they don't follow the ball as they must in order to play winning foot-ball. They tackle very indifferently, with a few exceptions, apparently knowing nothing of bringing their man down. They get their arms around him and hang there, to be carried along for a gain of several yards to the other side. They don't tackle hard, and the times are very frequent when they fail to tackle at all. Then their getting down the field under the ball is poorly done, and the interference is abominable; in fact, outside of what the backs do—and I must confess some of King's, Adams's, Homan's, and Poe's work is very effective—there is none whatever. The rush line seems to think it is above such business. In fact, when the ball is put in play, the men frisk down or up or across the field (as the case may be) like a lot of colts turned out to grass, and seem to think that, "Oh, well, one of the backs will tackle and down the runner," and they lope up in time to tumble on the pile of players already holding the ball, and fancy they are playing foot-ball.

It may be lots of fun, but it will be dearly paid for on Thanksgiving, if not sooner. If Princeton hopes to make any kind of a showing against Yale this year, every man on the team must play foot-ball from beginning to end. They can't hope to win by working King, Poe, Adams, and Homans until their tongues hang out with fatigue. They have a fair chance if the rushers do some interference and tackling, otherwise the Eastern Park score will be duplicated on Manhattan field. I have no criticism to make of the backs except to beg Adams to get his head down quicker, and to remind young Poe that he has not yet been put against a hard rusher line, and not to get discouraged if he finds holes more difficult to get through. Grind your teeth, lower your head, and put on all speed. King is putting up a very clever game and working hard. If the rush line worked as hard it would be A1. Homans is kicking strong and running well. He made a handsome gain on Saturday, after dodging half the N. Y. A. C. eleven.

Riggs played the best game on Saturday I have seen him put up this season; it seemed like old times. There is no reason why he should not do finely this year; he is stronger than last, and, of course, has more experience. He will have the most difficult task in the game with Yale—caring for Heffelfinger—and it behooves him to prepare himself for the contest. The new centre, Taylor, Princeton is trying, has hardly been playing long enough to judge of what he is likely to do, but he certainly did not do so badly on Saturday for so green a man. He was slow, but he stood firm, and with one exception snapped back very well. He is a big, muscular fellow, active, and should develop into a fair man. He should be coached vigorously right now; this is the day and hour. Why doesn't Princeton get George, the old centre, down to coach him? It occurs to me, the example of Yale could also be followed in this particular. Captain Warren is not given enough assistance. Wheeler, left guard, is another man who requires vigorous coaching; he is a strong fellow, capable of becoming a valuable man under proper instruction. He holds his man and gets through the line at will, but once through seems to consider his work at an end. He doesn't follow the ball closely enough, and while he occasionally makes a good tackle, it is not so frequent as to keep him warm.

Princeton needs strong men like this Wheeler; but foot-ball players do not come ready made, and the coachers must do hard work to build them up. Harold at right tackle shows well, but he, like the others, wants prodding about following the ball and getting on to the runner. He is strong and active, and tackles well when he makes the attempt. Vincent is a likely man at left end, and about the most wide-awake man on the line, as indeed he needs to be, for he will have his hands full on Thanksgiving day, and be called upon to do the hardest day's work of his life. He tackles fairly well. Another new man named Flint is being tried at left tackle: he is also large and strong, and, best of all, intelligent and willing. I have not yet seen him play, but hear he is promising. To sum up, the team needs stiff coaching and plenty of it. The team play is very loose, and the tackling is miserable. There is good green material on hand, and there is no reason why it should not be developed. But unless the men are taken in hand at once and put through rigorously, they will not be in it. Princeton has not had so much fine raw material in years, and it behooves them to remember what the victory of '89 preached, and go to work with a will with what is now in hand.

"End and tackle, end and tackle," is running over and over in McClung's head, while the newspapers teem with accounts of how all Yale's energies are being devoted to finding men for the centre of the line and full back. Certainly McClung has been working upon men for these two last-named positions, for they were vacant—the men who filled them last year were gone, and he must find two new men to fill them. But that was all straight work, the plainest kind of plain sailing, to choose a few men and keep them trying at centre, where, by-the-way, he knew full well that his opponents both at Cambridge and Princeton were also weak. Then for a full back he had made up his mind to putting up with a shorter kicker than the backs of his rivals, it is true, but he had put himself entirely in Billy Bull's hands, and felt that both McCormick and Noyes would be made into very fair material before November 1st.

But at end and tackle—and how quiet he has kept all his worry over these places!—never a word about end and tackle. Why? Because Mr. McClung has no notion of drawing the attention of his rivals to what is troubling him. It didn't look serious at first, for in the early days his candidates for tackle seemed promising, and it was fondly hoped that Crosby and Hartwell would improve wonderfully this year. But here was Billy Rhodes, who did both his work and Crosby's last year, gone. Here was Wallis, whose work was decidedly weak last year, and whose only chance to make a stand at the place lay in the improvement he should show in practice, laid off with boils for the weeks of October; and finally Hartwell, who never was first-class, and worse than useless when lame, as he was year before last, limping already, and finally in citizen's dress with a cane and crutch.

Then McClung's eyes turn toward Cambridge, and there he sees Newell, who literally "played horse" with Wallis at Springfield; Hallowell, who laughed in his sleeve at Josh's attempt to get at Lee when that nimble-footed gentleman passed behind Hallowell and went on to glory and a touchdown. Then at the other end of the crimson line McClung sees Mason, who last year would have played there had Cumnock been anybody but the captain of the Harvard team; and at tackle Emmons, Shea, and Fitzhugh—quite good enough to equal the former, in spite of sparring and fisticuffs. And McClung hasn't had time to take a look down in Jersey land as yet—the Cambridge prospect is quite enough for a while.

Digging away in quiet, the only sign being the *number* of men he was banging away at in games and practice, McClung has tried Messler, Winter, Mills, Sutphen, and Wallis for tackles; Hinkey, Coke, Cochran, Polk, Sanford, Norton, Hartwell, and Crosby for ends, and nobody, not even McClung himself, knows what his combination is likely to be. If this were due to the promising signs in his material he would be a subject of congratulation, but Hinkey, who is too slight, and Winter, who is nursing a leg that is not going to let him be sound this season, are today the choice of the entire batch. When McClung mutters in his disturbed sleep, it isn't "centre rush" that he is saying, but "end and tackle!"

McCormick has been the star of the week at New Haven, and he bids fair to solve McClung's problem as to a full back. The man who has accomplished this is none other than "Billy" Bull. Until he came, there was literally no one but Noyes who could be fairly considered as in the running at all. On the day I was in New Haven, I saw McCormick try a drop for goal three times, and in the face of very good breaking through, he sent two of the three straight over the goal, while the third was only a small miss.

Moreover, he really punted—not poked out his foot at the ball, but punted several good long drives down the field. He had the wind with him upon most of these kicks, but not all, and while he is not yet a distance kicker, he gives fair promise of accomplishing even this before the 21st of November. As to his other qualifications for the position possessed by this young man, every one is satisfied. He can run, interfere, catch, and tackle with the best of them, and is as cool, on the practice field, as Billy Bull himself. It remains to be seen whether his nerve will sustain him in the excitement of a big game.

If Corbin can do as much for McClung in the matter of the centre as Bull has done for him at full back, he is a greater man than any of the coachers, for Sanford and Stillman are not making a particle of progress yet. Before this goes to press Corbin will have had several days to work upon them, and at the end of that time it will be decided whether either of them can be made fit to stand between Heffelfinger and Morison. It will certainly be a shame if McClung has to put any "old-woman" player between two such men as these, but it looks as though that might be his fate unless Corbin saves him.

The overwhelming defeat of Lehigh by Pennsylvania on Saturday was one of the surprises of the present season. I had seen Lehigh play Princeton, and I saw the same team play U. of P., and the conclusion I arrived at was that the game between Pennsylvania and Princeton at Manheim will be as well worth seeing as any this year. Lehigh did not "go to pieces," or "get rattled," or "play in hard luck"; her men were simply outclassed, and she was outplayed. Pennsylvania won because she played better football. Camp and Thayer, who kicked two goals from the field from the 35-yard line, played in remarkable form, but the team as a team were equal to these two stars. There was no slugging or rough play on either side. McClung, of Lehigh, saved several runs for his side by tackling that was equal to Peter Poe's, and Blount helped him. Blount is a better player than he is a captain. He changes his men too frequently, and does not follow the advice of the "ex-players," who have the interest of the game as much at heart as himself. If he keeps the same men in the same places, and teaches them to fall on the ball, and not give up after they have once failed to stop a runner, the score of the return game with U. of P. will be much less discreditable

Wurtemburg, Yale's old quarter, has succeeded in getting some pretty good football out of the New York Athletic Club team, and, best of all, they play the cleanest kind of a game.—Orange is growing stronger with each game, and will be able to make the championship with the Crescents as hot a contest as it was last year.—The M. A. C. team, as it is to-day, is not in it with the N. Y. A. C. Before these two come together, however, a M. A. C. search committee will have gathered up all the available star graduate talent of Princeton.—The Crescent team is playing good ball; from present indications the pennant is apt to remain where it is. Hewlett, Edwards, Beecher, Sheldon, have shown excellent form.—Wesleyan's good sense in dropping its squabble with the University of Pennsylvania, and going to Philadelphia for its game is highly commendable.—To down Stagg's team 16 to 6, is a feather in the cap of Williams that will wave defiantly at Amherst and the other elevens of the New England League ere the season is over.—Taking into consideration the number of men from whom she has to draw, Trinity is making the best showing of the season. The team plays with snap, and understands its business thoroughly.—Cornell deserves great credit for the good showing it is making; with no traditions and little experience it has succeeded in sending forth strong teams. Another year or two, when they have mastered the game better, the age and strength of her men will place Cornell among the list of formidables.—Rutgers has not been playing in luck this season, and there has been much to contend against; the defeat therefore of Stevens on Saturday was especially healing.

Caspar W. Whitney.

AMERICAN FOOT-BALL. By Walter Camp. With 31 Portraits. Price, $1.25. Published by Harper & Brothers.

WILLIAM REDWOOD WRIGHT.

Both parties in Philadelphia are bound to lock the City Treasurership stable door most securely since the million-and-a-half-dollar horse was stolen by Gideon Marsh and John Bardsley.

W. Redwood Wright is the Democratic nominee for the office, and George D. McCreary the Republican. It is probable that no more ideal candidates for municipal office have faced each other for many years in any city in the country. Both men are in their prime, both are of the best "social standing," both are successful business men—Mr. Wright being a member of the great shipping agency of Peter Wright & Sons, and Mr. McCreary a large coal operator, and vice-president of the Market Street National Bank. Moreover, both men are sincere and judicious reformers. Mr. Wright has proven his right to the title during his few months' incumbency of the office to which he was appointed by Governor Pattison to fill Treasurer Bardsley's unexpired term. He has therein laid bare abuses which have been more than hinted at for years, but which, owing to the vicious system of considering the office as a place for the enrichment of its incumbent and the distribution of political spoils, had never been corrected. One of the worst of these was the systematic appointment of a certain number of magistrates to roll up costs for themselves, their constables, and the dispenser of the patronage—the City Treasurer himself—by instituting suits for the collection of hopelessly delinquent or actually non-existent taxes. Another was the bribery of the officials charged with the assessment of mercantile taxes. Against these evils Mr. Wright has proceeded with a vigor which has resulted, if not yet in the punishment of the practitioners, at least in making the practices decidedly unsafe.

Mr. McCreary's title to the name Reformer dates back to the early '80's, the best days of the famous Committee of One Hundred. He was chairman of its relentless committee on frauds against the ballot, and the mark of his work is left yet in many a conviction of men who, before the advent of the committee, thought ballot-box stuffing a businesslike adjunct of a "sporting life," and would as soon have thought of going to prison for it as for betting on a horse-race. Moreover, when the poor trembling wretches of promoted pauper almshouse attendants feared to testify against the robber Phipps, who, to satisfy the greed of his "bosses," had stripped the very copper roofing from above the paupers' heads, out came Mr. McCreary's check-book to pay the living expenses of every man or woman who lost his or her place by telling the truth.

It is the strongest evidence of the desperation of the Republican bosses that Mr. McCreary has been placed in nomination. Not the combined influence of the Union League and the Manufacturers' Club, containing, as they do, both the respectable and wealthy elements of the party, could have induced them to allow his candidacy were they not certain that a desperate remedy was indispensable.

Mr. McCreary may furnish the remedy, but there are hundreds of thinking Republicans in Philadelphia who believe that he has made a great mistake in accepting the nomination. They believe so simply because they think it impossible for even a man like himself to break the nets which will bind any Republican incumbent of the office until the old bad system is, by proper legislation—which cannot be had until 1893—utterly abolished.

If they vote for and elect him, it will be, in the case of many, to defeat the Presidential ambition which, they believe, is striving to make capital out of the dishonor of the State. And, on the other hand, many Republicans join with the Democrats in holding, as did Mr. Herbert Welsh in his letter quoted in the last issue of the Weekly, that there is no justice or reason in putting William Redwood Wright out of a strictly non-partisan office for no other purpose than to put some one else in. The fact that this some one else is a good man is not the question. It is rather a question of leaving well enough alone.

WILLIAM REDWOOD WRIGHT, Democratic Candidate for City Treasurer of Philadelphia.—From a Photo. by Gutekunst.

THE NEW POINT COMFORT.

When the original American wandered down to the sea-shore, and beheld the watery waste and other accessories, he may have wondered what in the world it was made for. The chances are, however, that he devoted no very deep thought to the subject, and accepted the coast line as it was. But the latter-day American has changed all this, and thought deeply regarding the matter. To the practical nineteenth-century individual the sea-shore, with its surrounding features, including the watery waste, is good for but one thing, and that is summer residence. This idea has gained ground every year, and passing southward has been generally accepted, save that the season of winter is substituted for the torrid season in the lower latitudes. So the summer cottages and palatial hotels have grown up, and the coast is lined with them all along. And there are certain points midway that are blessed with such equable temperature that they are adapted for both winter and summer residence. Old Point Comfort is thus happily situated, and a new hotel is rising there that will be surpassed by very few in this country, not to mention the world. It is all government ground down there, ceded from Virginia, and Fortress Monroe occupies a great deal of space on the peninsula. The *Monitor* and *Merrimac* engaged in their historic tussle in the waters that lie beyond, and the place is historical. But there is plenty of ground to spare, and the government of the United States has told Mr. John Chamberlin that he might build a hotel thereon, so he has gone ahead with the work, and the new building is nearly done.

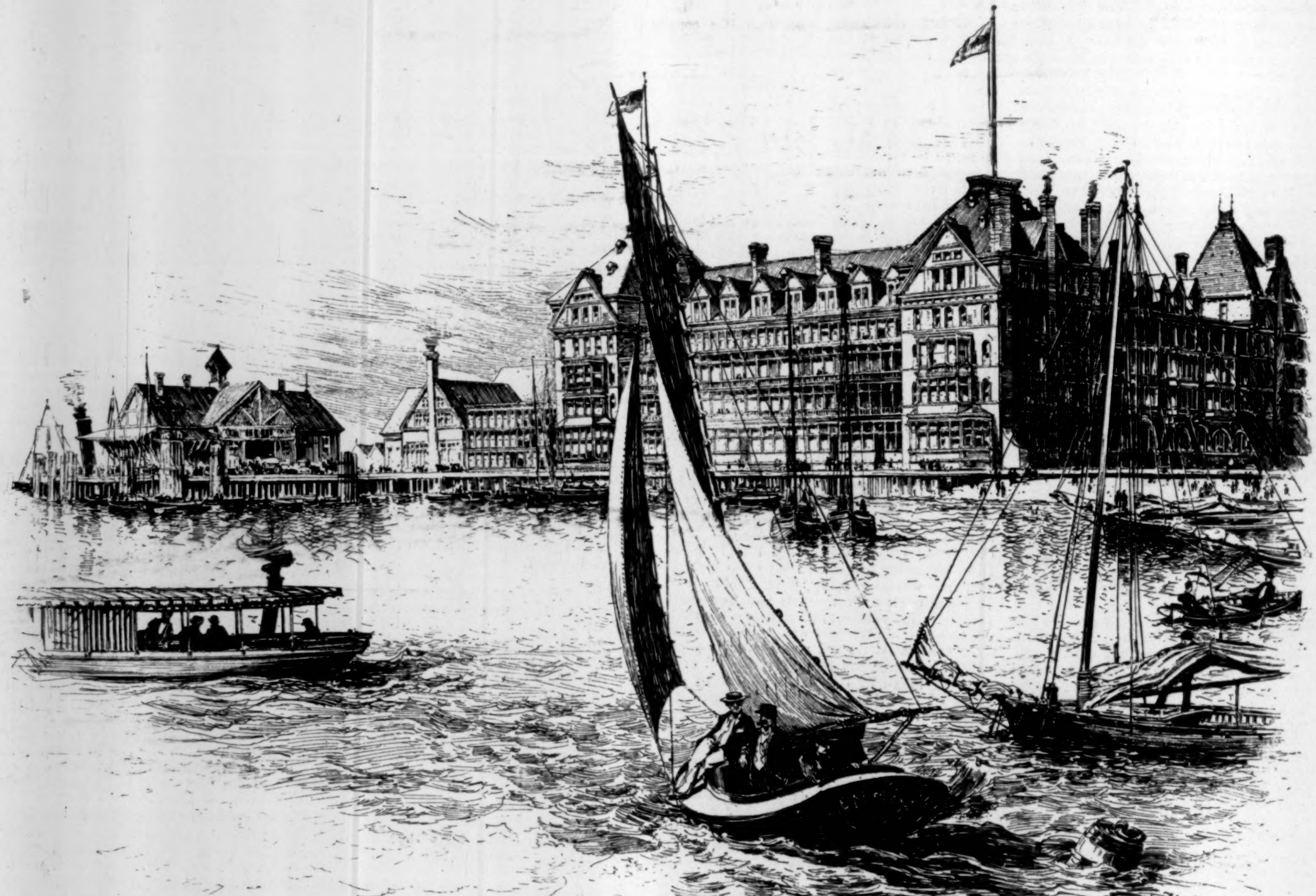
The idea of magnitude appeals first to the average American mind. They have the wondrous distances and natural monuments of their country before them, and their ideas have free scope and unlimited horizon. The breadth of freedom characterizes the American, and in addition to this he has gained a sense of beauty and magnificence wholly in accordance with their first ideas. Mr. Chamberlin, who is a familiar figure in Washington, and withstands changes of administration with equanimity, has gone ahead to outdo the national Capitol in size, and his new hotel is three feet longer—being, in all, 754 feet. The great parlor is 200 feet in length, and 104 feet on all sides enclose the ballroom. The dining-room measures 102 by 120 feet, and is 28 feet in height. The corridor is 400 feet long. The hotel will have 544 rooms for guests, of which 148 will be *en suite*, having salt-water baths in addition to the regular fixtures. Gas will be wholly dispensed with, and the Edison system of electric light will be in triplicate to insure perfect and constant service. All the minor details that do so much toward insuring comfort have been attended to, and it is wonderful what has been considered and attained in all things. The hotel covers 129,000 square feet, and is four stories in height. It has a simplicity of design that might be adopted for other buildings of like character, most of which incline toward the gingerbread style of architecture. Situated in the region of terrapin, canvas-back, and oyster, the soul of the epicure may rejoice, for the reputation of Mr. Chamberlin is national. The statesmen at Washington, however, are not to lose him, notwithstanding his new venture, as he will attend to both places.

HIGH BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

(*Continued from page 854.*)

space was soon filled. This law served to protect the street at once as well as to beautify it, and the resultant stories on stories of balconies, adorned with plants and flowers, are now one of the beauties of Parisian apartment life. London architects would contemplate Chicago's towers with vast wonder—not at their architectural boldness or sublimity, but at their barbarity; for English ideas run first toward light and air and a regard for a neighbor's comfort, and the laws there restricting the height of city buildings are old and well used.

There is no danger to be feared in the usage of the Chicago construction. It has been stated that its requirements are more those of engineering than of architecture. When scientifically constructed there is nothing safer. But the architects who attempt it should employ a skilled engineer, who can appreciate the mathematics of steel beams in stress as well as the strain of a granite arch. The most trifling error may well precipitate a disaster calculated to stop once for all the growing use of the Chicago construction; to bring tumbling down into the crowded streets a mass of terra-cotta, brick, beams, joists, and columns, thereby making one



THE NEW HOTEL CHAMBERLIN AT OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

of those alarming occurrences that strike a city dumb, and hold the world in awe.

In the new temple of the Odd-Fellows, Chicago will have the tallest and certainly the most curious building in the world. The architects, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan, have determined to avail themselves of the Chicago construction method. They will, however, extend the system greatly, especially in the roots of the foundations (will the artist-architect pardon that expression?); for the foundations will have roots. The building will be a few feet higher than the Washington Monument, and its giant tower will be visible from points within a radius of fifty miles from Chicago. It will be clearly visible from the towns of Aurora (Illinois), Elgin, Waukegan, Michigan City, and La Porte.

To support safely these immense masses of steel and masonry, it will be necessary to sink wells until the solid rock is struck. These wells will be filled with piers of alternate layers of concrete and steel beams. The foundations will be carried up to a height of 30 feet above the street level, and will entirely cover the ground from which the structure will arise. The site has already been purchased. It is located at the corner of La Salle and Monroe streets. Its dimensions are 177×210 feet, or an area of almost 40,000 square feet. Even with this ample field the structure will appear like a ship's mast lifting its narrow bulk above the really large buildings surrounding it. The great woman's temple directly across the street will, as compared with the temple of the brothers, resemble a doll's house.

Interiorly the temple will have twenty-four lodge-rooms and public halls of various dimensions. The entire number of rooms in the remainder of the building that will be devoted to business purposes will be 1100, and their floor area 250,000 square feet. The rooms in the tower will be rented for office uses. The plant will cost upwards of $4,000,000.

AN ICY INVASION

Of the back and shoulders announces the approach of chills and fever. You go to bed; if lucky enough to sleep, you awake in a furnace, or fancy so. Fierce is the heat that consumes you. Then comes profuse sweating. This over, you resemble a limp, damp rag. After the first paroxysm, prevent another with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which knocks out malaria, biliousness, constipation, and kidney complaints.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM.

SAFE, RELIABLE, PURE FOOD.

SOME twelve years ago our attention was called to the value of IMPERIAL GRANUM as a food particularly serviceable to children and to all who suffer from disorders incident to mal-assimilation. We were then able to praise it very warmly, and now, *after many years, we are able, with increased confidence, to renew our commendation of it to our readers.* The principle on which it is prepared is good, and the effects from its use, we have observed, have been excellent.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of the hair. Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as cannot be surpassed.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

KARILPA, the delightful!—Have you tried this new and delicious toilet-water? If not, do so.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[*Adv.*]

WE recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Economize Space! Save Money!

You can have a bed in any room or office and no one know it. THE GUNN FOLDING BED CO., Grand Rapids, Mich. 13 styles combining every class of furniture. Catalogue free. A Revolution in Furniture.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $7.99. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c **GUNS** WATCHES, BICYCLES. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OF BENT & CO.'S HAND-MADE WATER CRACKERS.

"Once tried, Used Always."

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest."

BUMBLE.

"Confound those Boys! They are Always asking for 'More' since the Board introduced VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

PERFECTLY PURE.

VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS increases by 50 PER CENT. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements, making of the cocoa bean an *easily* digested, delicious, nourishing and stimulating drink, readily assimilated even by the most delicate.

☞ If not obtainable from your grocer, enclose 25 cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can containing enough for 35 to 40 cups will be mailed. *Mention this publication.* Prepared only by the inventors VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland.

The Standard Cocoa of the World. 28.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this **wonderful soap** send **25c** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Cuticura Soap FOR BAD COMPLEXIONS RED ROUGH HANDS AND BABY HUMORS.

BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvellous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurations, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Address POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

THE **North American Review** FOR NOVEMBER

Contains:

RUSSIAN BARBARITIES AND THEIR APOLOGIST,
By the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire.
A Plea for Free Silver,
BY SENATOR D. W. VOORHEES.
Are French Novels Faithful to Life,
BY MADAME ADAM.
The Lack of Good Servants,
BY MRS. M. E. W. SHERWOOD.
HOW TO IMPROVE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT,
By Ex-Mayor Hart of Boston, and the Mayors of Baltimore, Buffalo, and St. Louis.
Our Business Prospects,
BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE N. Y. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.
What Americans can do for Russia.
BY SERGIUS STEPNIAK.
Public and Private Debts.
BY THE HON. ROBERT P. PORTER, Superintendent of the Census.
ITALY AND THE POPE.—I,
BY EX-PRIME MINISTER CRISPI.
Women in English Politics,
BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.
Possibilities of Washington Society,
BY MISS L. B. HALSTED.
And Other Articles.
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

R. H. MACY & CO.,

6TH AVE., 13TH TO 14TH ST.

New Styles ADDED TO Stock every DAY.

Ladies Dress Skirts

Black Armure Silk and Satin Stripes and Figures, **$13.44.**
Black Surah and Satin, fancy figures, **$17.79.**
Black and White Striped Surah, **$8.59.**
Faille Française, in Old Rose, Cardinal, Navy Blue, Tan Brown, Gray, **$15.54.**
Also Checks and Plaids, in wool goods, **$5.99, $6.49,** and **$8.49.**
Flannels at **$4.49** and **$4.99.**

Arnold Constable & Co

LACES.

Thread and Applique Lace Veils, Black and White Laces, Duchesse Lace Doylies, Real Lace Handkerchiefs, Novelties in Trimming Laces, Flounces for Wedding Trousseaux.

MADE-UP LACES.
White and Colored Chiffon Fichus, Collarettes, and Jabots.
Black and White Ostrich & Feather Boas.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK CITY.

BREWSTER & CO.,
(OF BROOME ST.),
BROADWAY, 47th to 48th Streets, New York.
ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS.

COACH & WAGON BUILDERS.

MANUFACTURERS OF EVERY VARIETY OF
Pleasure Carriages,
All the parts of which are made on the premises, insuring uniformity of quality.

FOUR-HORSE COACHES AND BREAKS A SPECIALTY.

"THE PERFECTION OF OLIVE OIL."

RAE'S FINEST SUBLIME **LUCCA OIL**

The very best quality, of uniform standard excellence and absolutely Pure Olive Oil.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

S. Rae & Co.

LEGHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY.

Importers and Agents: FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., New York; JAMES A. HAYES & CO., Boston; SPRAGUE WARNER & CO., Chicago.

QUICK TRIP
TO THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
OR THE
PACIFIC COAST.

Leaving New York or Boston on evening trains of trunk lines, you arrive in Chicago next evening in time for the

FAST TRAIN
ON THE
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

Called the BIG 5 GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE Which leaves Chicago daily at 10.00 P. M., arriving at Denver at 7.40 A. M.

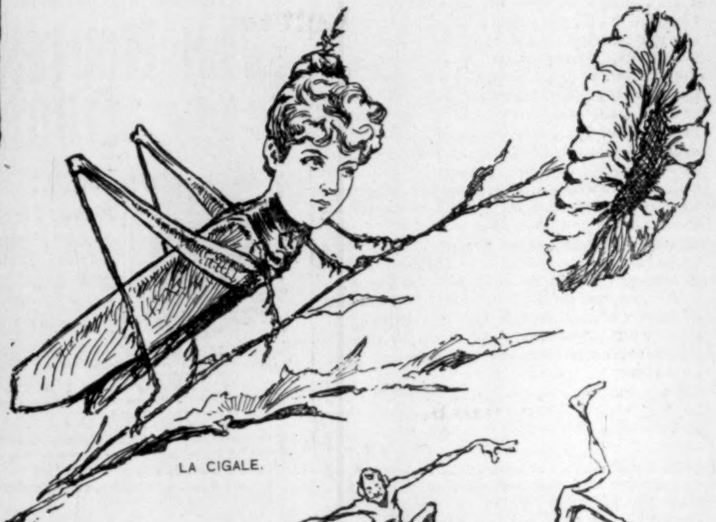
Buy your tickets via the
GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

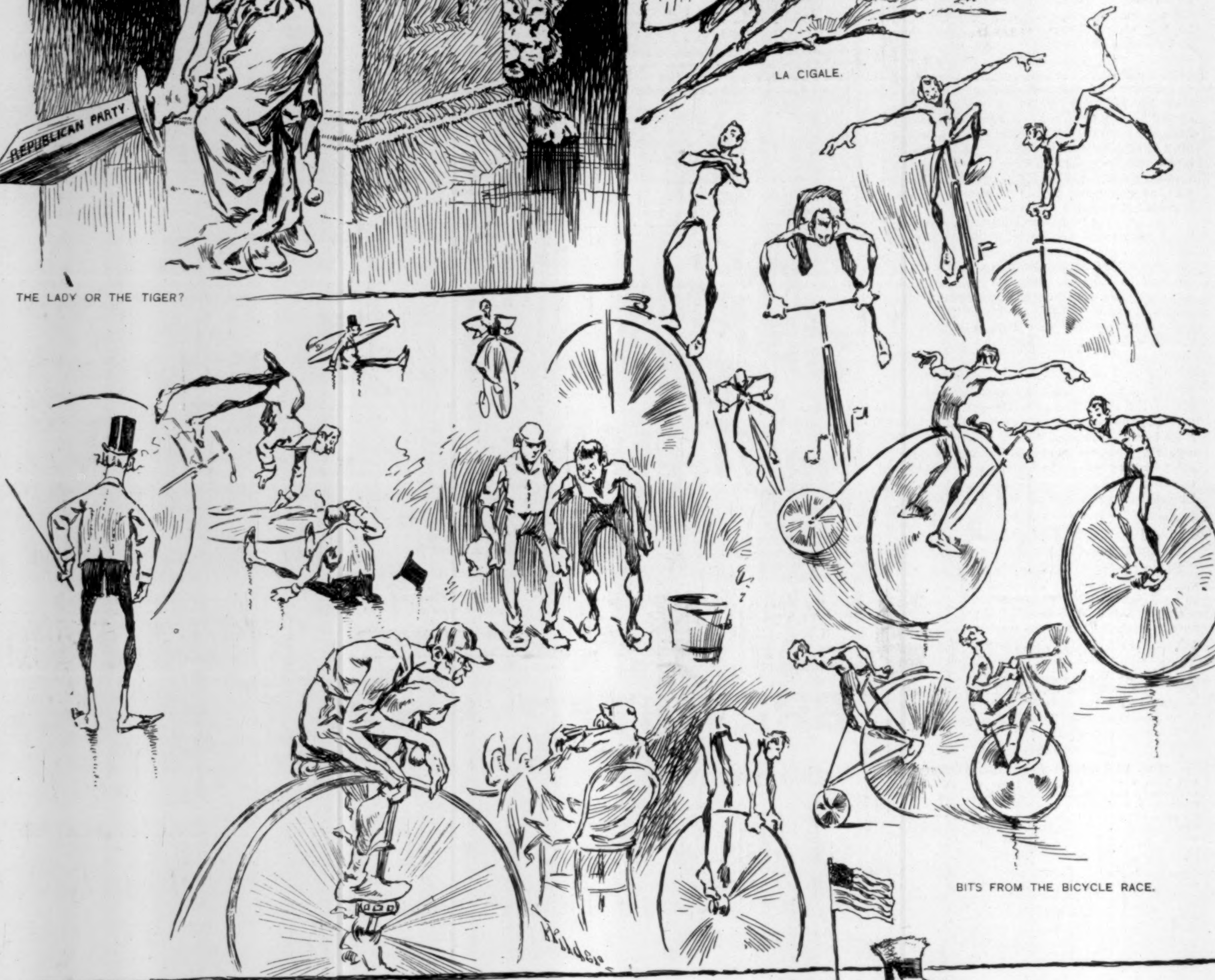
E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager. JNO. SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass'r Agent.

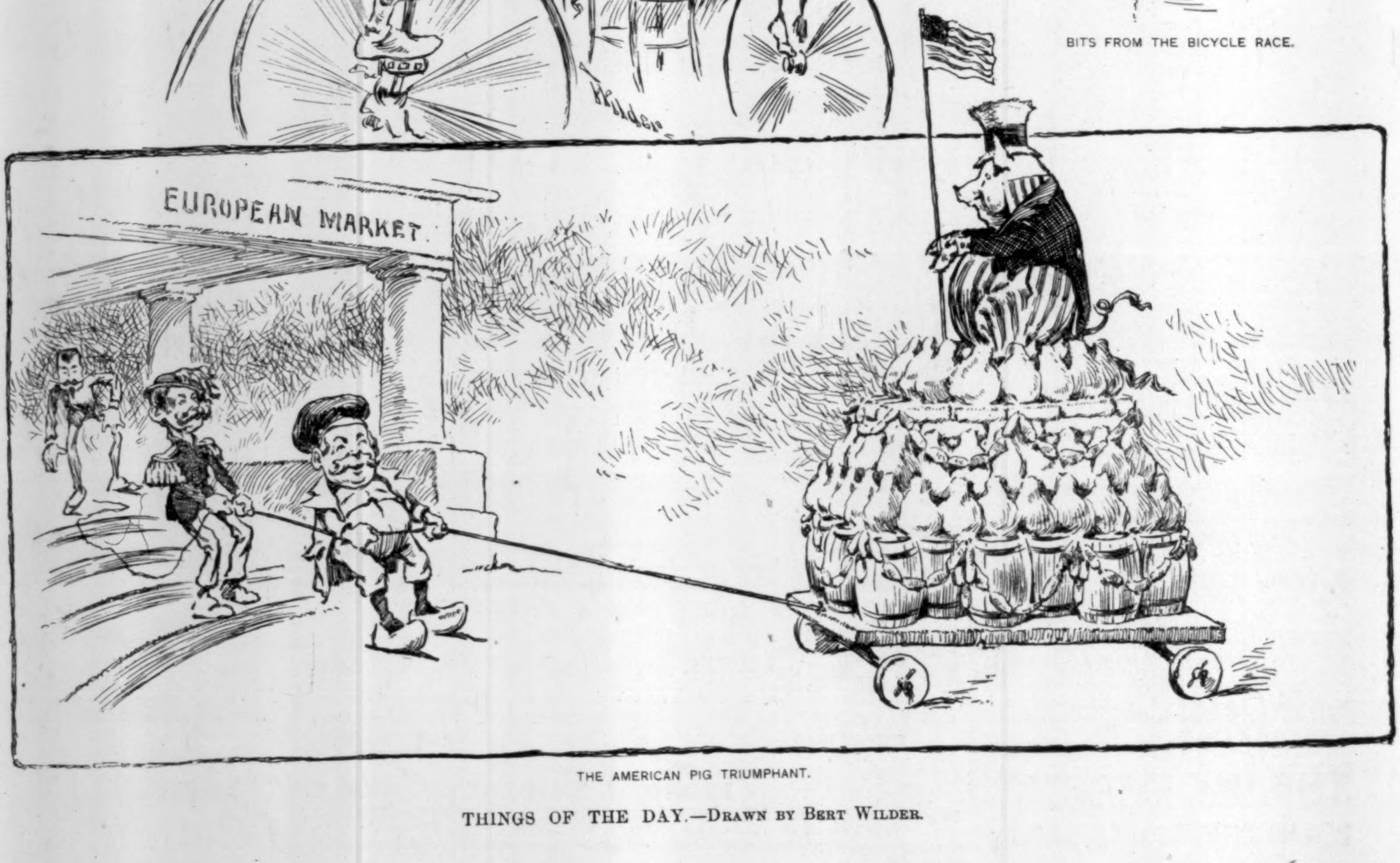
PLOWS' CANDY. Send $5.00 for a 5-lb. Box. Sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Very handsome presents. 78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

BOTTLED Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc. Address LITTLE & Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER?


LA CIGALE.


BITS FROM THE BICYCLE RACE.



THE AMERICAN PIG TRIUMPHANT.

THINGS OF THE DAY.—Drawn by Bert Wilder.

FOR SCROFULA

scrofulous humor
in the blood,
ulcers, catarrh, and
consumption,
use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The most
economical,
safe, speedy, and
effective of all
blood-purifiers.

Has Cured Others
will cure you.

NEW KODAKS.

"You press the button, we do the rest."

Seven New Styles and Sizes
ALL LOADED WITH *Transparent Films.*
For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
Send for Catalogue. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A DELICIOUS
REMEDY
For all forms of
INDIGESTION.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM.

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package, to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.,
Originators and Manufacturers, 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Also Manufacturers of Pure Pepsin. Send for Circular.
"*Beware of Imitations.*" Mention this paper.

PHOTOGRAPHY DONE QUICKLY.

The P. D. Q. Camera.

The Latest Improvement in Detective Cameras.

Takes pictures 4 x 5 inches in size, either vertically or horizontally. Can be used either with our cut Films or Plates.

Protected by Four Patents and Another Pending. Handsomely covered with Black Grained Leather, and fitted with fine Combination Instantaneous Achromatic Lens, with one Patent Double Dry Plate Holder and two Film Holders.

PRICE, complete, only $17.50.
The same in Polished Walnut, $15.00.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
48 years established in this line of business.
Use of dark room on the main floor of our store free.

Closes Doors without Slamming or Breaking of Glass.

FOR SALE BY
NORTON DOOR CHECK & SPRING CO.,
505 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
AGENTS WANTED.

Send for Re- Catalog

WE ARE THE
JUMBO HOUSE ON WHEELS
BECAUSE WE SELL A
BOY'S and GIRL'S 20-inch SAFETY for **$11.00**
DESCRIPTION—Rubber Tires, Cone Bearings, Adjustable Coil Spring Swing Saddle, Mud Guards, Tool Bag, Oiler and Wrench, Curved Handle Bars, Brake and Lamp Bracket. Send for Bicycle Catalogue.
E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE CELEBRATED
SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS
UNRIVALED FOR
Accuracy,
Durability,
Safety, and
Convenience
in Loading.

Beware of cheap iron imitations.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue & Price List.
Guaranteed Perfect.
SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.

A CHANCE FOR WOMEN who wish to make $100 or more before Christmas. Address WAGRAM CO., New York.

CAUTION. See that BENT & CO.'S HAND-MADE WATER CRACKERS bear their stamp.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

ARE YOU LOOKING for
A Solid Investment
bearing a high rate of interest and that is absolutely safe and sure? Send your address and we will give facts and figures that will convince the most sceptical of the value we offer.
TAYLOR & RATHVON, Denver, Col.
Branch, Ames Building, Boston.
DENVER REFERENCES: American Nat. Bank, City Nat. Bank, Colorado Nat. Bank, Commercial Nat. Bank.

8% FIRST MORTGAGE Loans on Tacoma improved property only, and never exceeding 40% conservative valuation. Interest payable semi-annually. Principal and Interest guaranteed. COTTAGE HOME BUILDING CO. Wm. C. Pyfer, Sec., Tacoma, Wash.

$3.00 FOR EVERY **$1.00**
Besides Dividends.
BIG PROFIT is made in **Mining Stock** by buying as near the bottom as possible, consistently with safety, thus securing the benefit of the ADVANCE besides a handsome interest on your money in the shape of DIVIDENDS. Write me, and I will put you in the way to make $3.00 for every $1.00 invested. Best bank references.
R. H. BUCK, 17 Tabor Block, Denver, Colorado.

AFTER A LITTLE

Poor varnish is as dull as a pointless joke.

We shall be glad to send you, free, the "People's Text-Book on Varnish," from which you will become intelligent, not on varnish itself, but on varnished things; know what to expect of and how to care for proper varnish on house-work, piano, furniture, carriage, etc.; and how to get it in buying these things.

The intention is to help you avoid the losses that come of poor varnish, no matter who uses it.

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.

Head Office: Newark, N. J.
Other Offices: Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago.
Factories: Newark and Chicago.

A SAVING OF
Clothes, Money, Reputation
By the use of the
Anti-Bagging Stays
FOR PANTALOONS.
Always in good form, can be applied in five minutes, post-paid to any address in the U.S. or Canada upon the receipt of 40c., or three to one address for $1.
NOVELTY SUPPLY CO.
Toledo, Ohio.

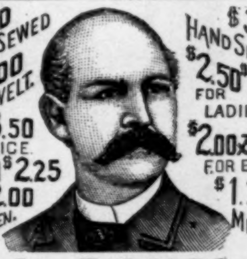
BEFORE. AFTER.

BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY
FREE TO BOYS & GIRLS UNDER 18.
If any Boy or Girl wants an elegant High Grade Safety Bicycle (26 inch wheels) free on easy conditions, write at once to
WESTERN PEARL CO., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTENNIAL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Vose & Sons PIANOS
ESTABLISHED 1851.
28,000 SOLD AND IN USE.
CELEBRATED FOR THEIR
PURE TONE,
ELEGANT DESIGNS,
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP
AND
GREAT DURABILITY.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS.
Old instruments taken in exchange. Write for catalogue and full information.
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.,
170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

$5.00 HAND SEWED
$4.00 HAND WELT.
$3.50 POLICE
$2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN.



$3.00 HAND SEWED.
$2.50 $2.00 FOR LADIES
$2.00 & $1.75 FOR BOYS
$1.75 FOR MISSES.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

GENTLEMEN and LADIES, save your dollars by wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. They meet the wants of all classes, and are the most economical foot-wear ever offered for the money. Beware of dealers who offer other makes, as being just as good, and be sure you have W. L. Douglas Shoes, with name and price stamped on bottom. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.
Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you.
Sold by

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS
ARE THE BEST

FOR EXPERT WRITERS No. 1
FOR ACCOUNTANTS No. 2
FOR CORRESPONDENTS No. 3
FOR RAPID WRITING No. 35
FOR ENGROSSING No. 36

SOLD BY STATIONERS EVERYWHERE.
Samples FREE on receipt of return postage, 2 cents.
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 810 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"THE PRINCE OF THE WEEKLIES."

THE
LITERARY DIGEST.

A Weekly Compendium of the Contemporaneous Thought of the World.

In this unique weekly periodical, of 32 quarto pages, are presented, in English, carefully written condensations of all the noteworthy articles appearing in the Magazines, Reviews, and important Journals of America, England, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, Russia, and other Continental countries. The translations and condensations are in every case prepared especially for THE LITERARY DIGEST by its own editors and translators.

Its Book Digests are not reviews, "book notices," nor critiques, but faithful *Digests*, letting the book tell its own story.

It gives a weekly Index of Periodical Literature, and of books alphabetically arranged by titles, etc.

It also gives, each week, a Cosmopolitan Chronicle of Current Events.

You might expend $1000 a year for American and foreign periodicals, and devote eight hours a day to reading them, and then not keep yourself as well abreast of the thought and discussion of the world as you can now by investing $3.00 a year in THE LITERARY DIGEST, and spending three hours a week reading it.

ITS RECORD FOR THE FIRST YEAR:

Number of Articles—Total, 1333:
306 Political, 260 Sociological, 233 Science and Philosophy, 177 Religious, 210 Educational, 147 Miscellaneous, etc.
From Leading Magazines—Total, 161:
74 American, 44 English, 15 German, 21 French, 7 Russian, Turkish, etc.
ALSO, 173 Book Digests, about 4000 liberal extracts from the press of the world, etc., etc.

HOW IT IS APPRECIATED.

Hundreds of representative men in all walks of life write in praise of this periodical.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: "THE LITERARY DIGEST seems to me to supply a want which is felt alike by professional scholars and common readers. It will prove a valued accession to our libraries."

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Issued Weekly. Subscription Price, $3 per Year; Single Copies, 10 Cents.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
Publishers,
18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.

EMERSON 55 000 SOLD

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS
have enjoyed a high reputation. Brilliant and musical; tone of rare sympathetic quality; beautiful for vocal accompaniment. Durably constructed of finest material by most skillful workmen. Exceptional in retaining original richness and fulness of tone. Require tuning less often than any other piano. MODERATE PRICES. REASONABLE TERMS.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

BOSTON 174 TREMONT ST. NEW YORK 92 FIFTH AVE. **PIANOS**

TOILET LANOLINE SALVE
Best Home Remedy
for CHAPPED or CRACKED HANDS and LIPS.
BEST REMEDY against Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Corns and Chafing.
BEST REMEDY for Preserving and Softening the Skin, especially with SMALL CHILDREN.
BEST REMEDY against Hemorrhoids (Piles.)
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LOVELY FACES!
Nothing will CLEAR and WHITEN the skin so quickly as
DERMA-ROYALE
(Vegetable French Formula.)
Medicinal and Toilet Preparation.
Sent in Rich Cut Glass Cologne Bottles.
We will send you a FREE sample to prove its merits, also an elegant gold embossed 40 page book of photographs from life, FREE. Seeing is Believing. TRY IT.
THE DERMA-ROYALE CO.
Corner Baker & Vine Streets,
CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON
QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION
÷ MODENE ÷
AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.
MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.
You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.
We Offer $1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

FREE For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO. Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c.; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

ASTHMA CURED!
Schiffmann's Asthma Cure never *fails* to give *instant relief* in the worst cases; insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A *trial convinces the most skeptical.* Price, 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

LADY AGENTS. Fortune Sure. New article for ladies. Mrs. N. B. Little, Chicago, Ill.

BENT & CO.'S CRACKERS always bear their Stamp. Beware of Imitations.